THE

ANTIJACOBIN

Review and Magazine,

&c. &c. &c.

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Quæ sunt tradita antiquitus, dicta ac facta præclarè, et nôsse, et animo semper agitare, conveniet. QUINT.

The History of Cornwall; Civil, Military, Religious, Architectural, Agricultural, Commercial, Biographical, and Miscellaneous. In three Quarto Volumes. Price three Guineas. *The Civil and Military History of Cornwall*, Part I. quarto. Price Fifteen Shillings. *The Language, Literature, and Literary Characters of Cornwall*, Part I. quarto. Price one Guinea. *The Population, &c. &c. of Cornwall*, quarto. Price one Guinea. By the Rev. R. Polwhele, of Polwhele, and Vicar of Manaccan. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

OF the Antiquities of Cornwall, as included in the first three volumes, we have, long since, given our readers a partial view; though to render the view perfect, much more remains to be exhibited, yet we shall take leave of the Antiquities, by an extract from the eleventh chapter, which treats of the manners, diversions, and superstitions, of the Cornish.

" Before I attempt (says Mr. Polwhele) to delineate the character of the Cornish, I shall touch on that of the Saxons and of the Normans. The leading traits of the Saxon character, were the love of freedom and of arms; ferocity and cruelty. Nor must their gallantry be forgotten. The story of the Saxon Edgar and the beautiful Elfrida, hath been told by the historian and sung by the poet. But whether the scene of their loves were the banks of the Tavy or the Tamar, would be fruitless to enquire. The Normans, according to William of Malmesbury, excelled the Anglo-Saxons in temperance and fortitude, and urbanity. How far the Saxon or the Norman manners operated on the island in general, is an enquiry which I shall not pursue. The British ladies were certainly fond of imitating the Saxon fashions. But whether they were equally assiduous in the imitation of that modest demeanour, which is said to have distinguished the Saxon women, I am not authorized to say. The in-

fluence of the Roman manners had long circumscribed the pleasures of the marriage bed, to which the Britons had permitted so liberal an indulgence; and the chastity of the Saxons, whose women were never so highly adorned as by a numerous offspring, the pledges o unviolated love, must, in some measure, have imprest its character on the British race. To the Conqueror, this country was indebted for the melioration of its manners. William, whilst he endeavoured to incorporate his own people with the English, was sedulous also to introduce the laws, the language, the learning, and the customs and fashions of Normandy. In these fashions, indeed, there was much pomp and ostentation; and we are told, that in the times of Henry the Fourth the whole gentry of England, imitating the fashions of the Normans, affected an extraordinary style and magnificence in their dress and equipage. I. Amidst these varieties of foreign manners and customs, little of the original British character could be recognized; unless its ancient features were to be traced at the extremities of the island. And here their features were traceable; here were still Britons, proud to oppose their virtues, and their manners, to those of the Saxon or the Norman progeny. From their remote and peninsular situation, the Cornish must necessarily have retained their provincial peculiarities. In peace, they were still generous and hospitable; in war, enthusiastically brave. In the time of king Arthur, the Cornish were accustomed to lead the van; and, in Egbert's time, they are said to have challenged the honor of leading the van in the day of battle. In the reign of king Canute, whether the danger was greater in the rear on some remarkable retreat of his army, or whether the Dane piqued himself on investing all the Saxon order of battle, we find the Cornish bringing up the rear. This is attributed, by John of Salisbury, to their distinguished valour. In the mean time, (it must not be concealed) the Cornish were choleric; and, in some respects, ferocious. To distinguish between the manners of the superior order, and the poorer classes, I have to observe, that the former possessed an arbitrary spirit; in many instances, also, they were grossly indelicate.—The riding upon the black ram, the cocking-stool, and usages of a similar nature, prove both tyranny and indecency. But these, I conceive, were Norman customs. We have so few memoirs of this country, before the time of Edward I. that we must have recourse to the Welch annals, for the history of our county: and, perhaps, for the true lineaments of the Cornish character, we should do right to consult Giraldus Cambrensis, who has drawn a good outline of the kindred Welch. II. The diversions of the people form always an interesting subject, at every period of time. Among the gentry, hunting seems to have been the first and favourite sport; and it equally prevailed among the original Britons, and their successive invaders. And hawking obtained among all, though an Asiatic sport, and existing in Cornwall, long before the Romans. The fighting of cocks was more the sport of gentlemen, than the common people. The sports of wrestling and hurling were, perhaps, almost entirely confined to the inferior classes of the com-

munity: and, in these sports, the agility and skill of the Cornish were more especially displayed at their parish feasts, and on saints' days. In noticing the parish feasts, we approach the confines of religion. The primeval feast, indeed, was strictly religious; and so was the miracle-play. The miracle plays were called Guaremir, and the place of acting, Plaen-an-gaure. They lasted sometimes more than one day, and were attended not by the vulgar only, but by people of the first rank. Carew compares these interludes to the old Roman tragedy; and he is peculiarly happy in this mode of illustration. III. From religious rites to superstitious tenets, the transition is imperceptible and easy: the one was closely connected with the other. The greater part of our Cornish superstitions, in truth, were attached to saints or devils. There scarcely appeared a rock, whose shape or position was singular or fantastic, without inspiring the idea of supernatural agency. Not a pool, whose situation was dreary or uncommon, but shewed marks of the cloven foot on its margin; and, certainly, there were few wells without their tutelary saints. The duel between St. Just and St. Keverene is one of our traditionary tales; and three stones of Tremenheverne are still pointed out to travellers, as proofs of saintly prowess. The battle of the devil and the saints, at Karnbre, is among the popular stories of the neighbourhood. To this battle is owing that accumulation of enormous rocks, which are flung at random over all the mountain. But amidst all the wonders that work upon a Cornish imagination, the acts of Tregagle have surely the preeminence. If nature appear in forms that are fantastic, or strike by uncommon occurrences, Tregagle is at once called in to solve the difficulty: he is the being to create or to conduct the machinery. The pool of Dosmary is, in the vulgar opinion, unfathomable. The idea is preserved in the task to which he is condemned:—to empty it with a limpit shell, with a hole in the bottom of it. That, before the existence of the Loe-bar, Helston was a port, is more than a notion of the lower classes. This persuasion also, is proved and illustrated by the giant Tregagle's dropping his sack of sand between Helston and the sea. His sack of sand was the bar. If the echoes of the Loe hills be heard in the storm, they are the howlings of Tregagle: so extensive, indeed, is his fame, or infamy, that if there be a high wind in Cornwall, it is "Tregagle roars." Amidst a variety of legendary personages crowding around me, I scarcely know where to close my narrative: still in the rear are there devils and saints without number. To draw, therefore, the curtain over all, I must conjure up Merlin, the enchanter and the prophet, who seems to have possessed a power over devils and saints. As an enchanter we have seen him in the story of Arthur; we are now to recognize him as a prophet. In the parish of Paul, on the sea shore, is a rock called, in Cornish, Merlyn-Car, or Merlin's rock. There, perhaps, he delivered that old prophecy in the Cornish tongue, foretelling the destruction of Paul church, Penzance, and Newlin, long before they were in existence.

It is as follows:

"Aga fyth tyer, war an meyne Merlyn,
Ara neb fyth leskey, Paul, Penzance, hag Newlyn."

"There shall land on the stone Merlyn,
Those who shall burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn." Pp. 45-60.

In the Civil and Military History, the conquest of Lisbon by the Cornish, is the most striking and curious event. The following extract will include the account:

"History seldom exhibits a more interesting, or, perhaps a more varied prospect than is now opening before us. Though limited by the Tamar, or rather by the boundaries of ancient Cornwall, in respect to other parts of England; yet our views into distant countries, will be of very considerable extent. And we have many opportunities of visiting Europe, or even Asia, which, the more general English historian would vainly wish to seize; occupied as he must be by a multiplicity of objects at home, and, precluded therefore, from expatiating abroad. From the connection of the Cornish with the Danes and the Norman, the Welch and the Armoricans, we should resort, perhaps with advantage to the memoirs of these people, for illustrations of the history of Cornwall. With Denmark our intercourse was neither so early nor so frequent as most writers have stated: and our commerce with Normandy, was not more intimate than that of the rest of the island. It was with our relations the Welch, and the Armoricans, (particularly the latter) that we maintained a regular correspondence for ages. It was with the kindred Welch and Bretons, that we joined our forces in warlike enterprize: and the soldiers of Cornwall, of Wales, and of Britany, were alike regarded for conduct and valour: whether they led the van in Europe, or conquered on the plains of Asia. There was one event, of all others the most effectual, in strengthening the alliance of the Cornish with their ancient friends; I mean the war against the infidels of the East. This was a common bond of union. And carrying our forefathers into the midst of nations, before unknown almost by name, every expedition had a salutary effect, inasmuch as it improved the manners, and opened new sources of intelligence. In my former notice of the Crusades, I could not but regret the circumstance, that both the exploits and the names of our Cornish religionists, were, for the most part, buried in oblivion. Yet, if imagination were to connect the counts of Edessa, or the emperors of Constantinople with the earls of Devon, or the lords of Boconnoc, the tale of the wars of Palestine, would be deemed no unwarrantable episode in a history of Cornwall. At a very early period however, our attention is drawn to the Crusaders, anticipating the glory of conquest, on European ground. And the incident to which I allude, will display our martial spirit in a new and striking light,

and almost give credit to the tales of Cornish heroism, before received as fabulous or apocryphal. But, it is an occurrence which authors have coldly and casually mentioned, or obscurely represented; which our own annalists have overlooked; and of which Cornish tradition has lost every trace. With pride, then, I hasten to throw a splendour over Cornwall, which must eclipse even the lustre of her Arthur's fame; conscious that I am the first to dissipate from an achievement unparalleled in war, the mists that have so long enveloped it, and to bring it to the view in all its radiance. That Lisbon was wrested from the Moors, by a fleet of European crusaders, which arrived at the mouth of the Tagus, when that city was besieged by the Christians, has been told without interest, and repeated without curiosity. Puffendorf slightly mentions the assistance of the Netherland fleet, in expelling the Moors from Lisbon. From the Lusiad, however, it appears, that the reduction of that city, was too memorable an event to be transiently noticed: It seems, that the greater part of the crusading fleet were English; whose successful interposition, at such a crisis, must have raised gratitude and admiration in the minds of the Portuguese: and the applause of a foreign poet should be deemed of sterling value. The achievement which is here so finely blazoned, was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy of Portugal. Lisbon, one of the finest ports in Europe, was, before the invention of cannon, of great strength. The old Moorish wall, flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. And besieged by Don Alonzo, it is said to have been garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. That Don Alonzo, then, would have taken the city, without the assistance of the bold adventures before us, is extremely improbable. Who these adventures were, or from what part of England they came, seems a natural enquiry. But to our national chronicles we look to no purpose for information. In the historic records at Paris, however, we find that the English armament was from Cornwall and Devon! but still more happily we bring our researches to a point, from the evidence of a Welch traveller, Udal-ap-Rhys. This writer in his tour through Portugal, informs us, that Alonzo gave his English friends Almada on this side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon: that Villa-Franca was peopled by the English; and that they called it CORNUALLA! and they called it CORNUALLA, unquestionably, in honour of their native Cornwall! thus, conquerors of Lisbon, the heroes of Camoens, were Cornishmen. And thus, in one of the most beautiful and fertile spots in the world, and in the finest climate, was established, by Cornish intrepidity, the sovereignty of Portugal; — a sovereignty, which, in time, spread its influence most extensively, and gave a new aspect to the mannners of nations!" p. 1—17.

In "the language, literature, and literary characters" of Cornwall, we meet with a fund of entertainment, which cannot easily be exhausted. From this part of the work, selection

were easy: But we must confine ourselves to the author's history of grammar-schools.

"That the public grammar-school" says he, "may be traced up to the parsonage is sufficiently clear. But before buildings were generally erected for the purpose of education, the manor-house, also, was open for the reception of young gentlemen, perhaps those of the first rank, who were entrusted to the care of the chaplain, and sometimes the clerks of the parsonage, though kept apart from the clerical seminary. Many of the principal gentry of Cornwall, and of Devon, were educated at Stowe, and at Powderham-castle: and the Granvilles and the Courtenays were not more celebrated for their hospitality than their attention to the learning and morals of the rising progeny. Of public, or free-schools, (such as received all ranks of persons indiscriminately) this part of the island had, unquestionably, its share at the earliest period of their erection. Whether there ever existed a school for teaching the Cornish language, I am not informed; but at Tavistock, (while it was yet reputed a town of Cornwall) a lecture was instituted for the support of the Saxon tongue, which was then every day gaining ground. The building, appropriated for this end, was called the Saxon-school. This lecture was discontinued at the reformation; but is said (I suspect on doubtful authority) to have been resumed in the reign of Charles the first. One of the most ancient of our free-schools, in Cornwall, was erected at Saltash. Coeval with Saltash, Carew mentions a free-school at Launceston. In the parish of Stratton, there was, some years since, a small grammar-school, under the care of Hilkiah Bailey. There Dr. Bray, (a native of Stratton, and late rector of Exeter college) received the first part of his education. At Kellington, is a free and endowed grammar-school. A mathematical-school at Loor, was endowed by Colonel John Specot. At Farvey, a school was erected by Shadrack Vincent, Esq. who endowed it in his life time; and by his will settled 500l. to be laid out in lands; to pay 30l. per annum to the school master; money being then at six per cent. Since Carew's survey, a school was built at Leskeard, on the very spot where stood the ancient castle. It was originally designed for purposes subservient to those of the castle itself, as appeared from what remained some twenty years since of an old inscription on the wall, "Olim Marti, nunc Arti." It belongs, as the castle does, to the Duke of Cornwall, who has certain annual courts holden there. The front wall was rebuilt about thirty years ago. It is a low, mean edifice, bad without, and worse within; the business of education, to which it has been long devoted, and what attentions are due to the more commodious prosecution of such business, having been of late years, it seems, less understood at Leskeard. The master's stipend is thirty pounds a year. The masters, from so far back as I can trace them, were, Rev. Charles Moncton, at the beginning of the last century; Rev. Mr. Hayden; Rev. John Lyne; Rev. Richard Lyne, his son, who resigned ten years since; Rev. Mr.

Dillon; and Rev. Mr. Williams. The last two held the school but a very short time; and for several years there was no public seminary, till it was opened by A. T. Greene, of St. John's, Cambridge, in 1805. Many of the first rank, noblemen, and others, were educated at Leskeard.—Dean Prideaux, and his very learned kinsman, Walter Moyle, Esq. of Bake, the Morsheads, and Dr. Cardew. And the school was always, till within the last twelve years, well stocked with scholars, to the great comfort and benefit of that place, which has now to lament the contrary. The grammar-school at Lestwithiel, is of late origin. Some years ago, Mr. Macgilvray, a Scotch gentleman, (whose poems will hereafter come under our review) was invited to that town by the neighbouring gentlemen, (or very favourably received on his arrival there) and appointed to instruct their sons in the rudiments of classical learning, to form their taste, and regulate their morals. What occasioned his relinquishing his situation, I never enquired. But, I believe his patrons were not disappointed in him, as a teacher of the elements of language; though, to the charm of his lyric effusions, they were like "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears." In 1803, I observed in the public prints, an advertisement, in which a vacancy for a master was announced: and the recommendation of the school, were "upwards of thirty scholars, a good room, and an annual stipend of thirty pounds." This vacancy was filled, (if I am not mistaken) by the Rev. Mr. Moseley; who, I think, was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Clapp, the present master. The free-school at Bodmin, maintained by her "majesty's liberality," gives Carew an opportunity to amuse his readers with a few old wives stories. At Bodmin, (says Mr. Willis) is ten pounds per annum, paid to the free-school by the Duke of Cornwall, and ten pounds more by the corporation." At Probus, a grammar-school was instituted by Mr. John Williams, of Trewithey. This, and the school at Tregoney, were, at one time, the principal Seminaries of Cornwall. Hals speaks of one of the Boscawens, who kept a grammar-school in the parish-church of St. Michael Penkivell, and of the first gentlemen of the west, who were educated there. In the parish of Merther (If I understand Hals rightly) Mr. Joseph Halsey was an instructor of many gentlemen of consequence in the learned languages. ———— The free-school at Truro, is said to have been founded by one of the Borlases, for the express purpose of classic education. In 1730, as appears by the inscription, under the master's seat, the northern part of the present school-room was built.

At the time, there was a dwelling-house appropriated to the master, contiguous to the school, and in a line with the other houses in the street. This was, in 1731, pulled down to enlarge the school-room; hence the necessity of the two pillars in the middle of it, which stand where the south wall of the first erection stood. Unfortunately, and much to the detriment of his successors, Mr. Canon consented to receive ten pounds per annum in lieu of a

house, which the corporation would have provided for him. This sum, with the original endowment of fifteen pounds, is all that Dr. Cardew ever received, except that the patron, or representatives of the borough, have, for some years past, contributed twenty-five pounds per annum towards the support of an usher. While the masters lived on the spot, the present play-place was a garden. And there is a tradition, that what is called the Green, was once given as a play-place for the use of the boys of the grammar-school. There are two exhibitions belonging to the school. They arise from the effects of Saint John Eliot, rector of St. Mary's, Truro, and of Ladock, who, by his will, left the greater part of his property to Messrs. Canon, Vivian, and Mitchell, to be disposed of in charitable uses, at their discretion. This property is vested in the funds: and the remainder, after the exhibitions are paid, support six reading-schools in Truro, St. Agnes, Ladock, Padstow, Lestwithiel, and Leskeard. The trustees are, the rector and schoolmaster of Truro, and the vicars of Kenwyn, St. Gluvias, and Veryan. The exhibitions are each thirty pounds a year. The qualifications are, that the candidate shall have spent the last three years at Truro-school; that he enter at Exeter-college; and that he keep three terms there, in every year. This school has been, for a long series of years, a school of high character. It may well be classed with the first seminaries of England, if we except Westminster, Eton, and Winchester: and, indeed, its masters and scholars have frequently been formidable rivals to those of the royal foundations, in genius, taste, and learning. Its masters, often rectors of Truro, and members of the corporation, have been almost uniformly men of great respectability. Henry Grenfield, schoolmaster, in 1685, and one of the corporate body, was, I apprehend, of the house of Stowe. The Granvilles varied the spelling of their names from Granville even to Grenfill and Grenfield. Of Simon Paget, (both rector and master) the memorial is not yet lost among the natives of Truro. He was a most respectable man; and was equally reverenced as a "spiritual pastor, and master." In some traditional verses, by Nance, of Nance, (the last I believe of the Nance family) the name of Pagett is very honourably introduced; and with all the effect of contrast as those verses (which I once heard repeated, and cannot correctly call to memory) are keenly satirical. Mr. Jane (rector also as well as master) had a son, who was student of Christ Church, Oxford; and who, at his death, left several Hebrew books for the use of the rectors of St. Mary's. Of the last two masters, I can speak from personal experience. Both my father and myself were instructed in the principles of religion, and the elements of the Greek and Latin tongues, under George Canon, a Scotchman; a sound grammarian, a christian firm in belief, and punctual in practice. He was once (I have heard) an usher at Westminster: at Truro, he was a second Busby. He flogged like Busby, and like Busby he taught. We feared him; but we loved him. And when, from the infirmities of old age, he was forced to relinquish his charge, and retired to Padstow, we all regretted his departure with tears; nor were they, though the tears of childhood, "forgot as soon as shed." On his

successor, Dr. Cardew, the praises that candour, or even indifference would bestow, may, as coming from his pupil, and his friend, be attributed to partial affection. But, to be suspected of an amiable prepossession shall not silence my gratitude; which, though perhaps too lively in its perception of merit, can never be mistaken where merit is universally acknowleged."

For the rest, we must refer our readers to the work itself. See pp. 65, 66, 67, 68.

From "the Population," &c. of Cornwall, we shall make one Extract, at pp. 128, 129, 130.

"From the Revolution to the present time, we perceive the light of science spreading more and more (if I may so express it) through the medical hemisphere: and, whilst urbanity and truth seem to move in conjunction with philosophy, we hail, in almost every physician, the polite scholar and the gentleman. At Exeter, we find Dr. Waldron practising physic about the year 1700; nearly contemporary with whom was Dr. Musgrave. Dr. Musgrave was born at Charlton Musgrave, in Somerset. He practised physic in Exeter for a considerable time, with great reputation and success I have heard him called the last of the Hippocratic school. His knowledge in medicine is said to have been chiefly drawn from his observation and experience, and all his medical treatises are much approved. Of his Belgium Britannicum, there are various opinions, but, though it contain many conjectural fancies, it is a work of great erudition. Mr. Moyle, however, seems to have rated the performance too high. Dr. Musgrave's house was in Musgrave's alley, where the doctor died in 1721. Dr. John Andrew, a native of Probus, near Truro, and a member of Exeter-college, Oxford, married a Courtenay, of Powderham, and practised physic at Exeter for sometime with success. But the fame of that very eminent physician, Dr. Thomas Glass, seems to have eclipsed that of Andrew. I have never met with Glass's treatise, "De Febribus," or his essay "On the Attributes of the Deity," but have frequently heard them mentioned with approbation, and have been told, that the latinity of the treatise was Heath's of Harrow. Dr. Downman married a sister of Dr. Andrew, and, occupying the house in Paul's-street, which was the property and residence of Dr. Andrew, has for a long while exercised his skill and benevolence to the relief of, and comfort of, his fellow-creatures: but the hour, I fear, is very near approaching, when his extensive practice shall cease, to the regret of many who have experienced in Dr. Downman the kind physician and the friend. In the loss of one man, indeed, the world is always consoled by having recourse to another, and I know not where, in the profession, they will find any more able than Parr and Daniell. Dr. Parr possesses great ingenuity and acuteness; and has added to various reading the most accurate clinical observation. Of Dr. Daniell (of whom I have little personal knowledge) I have heard a similar character. That his address is such as to do honour to the house of Poltimore, I can, from myself, assert. To speak of other physicians,

and of surgeons and apothecaries of high merit in our British metropolis, the time would fail me; though to pass the name of Sheldon without notice would be utterly inexcusable. Not that applause or blame from me could any way effect Mr. Sheldon whose genius and skill in surgery are, even in the Royal Academy of Arts, the theme of admiration. The Exeter-hospital gained lately new honour by the election of Mr. Sheldon as one of its surgeons. In our way to the Westward we pass through Plymouth; where, though we had a Huxham, a Mudge, and a Musgrave, we must not long protract our stay. The fame of Dr. Huxham surpasses, perhaps, that of any physician of the West, but to write his memoirs, would be merely to repeat what is already before the public. His essay on fever, and dissertation on the sore throat, are of great celebrity. And the Philosophical Transactions have, from Dr. Huxham's papers, attained a higher value. Dr. Mudge was famous as an experimental philosopher and a surgeon, before he appeared in the character of a physician. If I recollect rightly, he was honoured with a medal from the Royal Society, in consequence of his treatise on the small pox. He died at 72. Dr. Samuel Musgrave, according to the critics, was more familiar with Euripides than with Galen; and, in the popular opinion, more attached to politics than medicine. But the judgment of the learned, and the voice of the people, are both, perhaps, unjust to his memory. So thought Dr. May. This gentleman (whom we meet at Plymouth, was born at East Looe, where he was educated, I apprehend, and served his apprenticeship, in the medical line, with Mr. Rice. There is a chasm (but I cannot wait for information to fill it) between the apprentice and the physician, in 1788, when Dr. May was resident at Truro. In 1792, we find Dr. May at Plymouth. I had almost forgotten Dr. Francis Geach, who, in 1798 died suddenly, at the age of 74, at his house in the Royal Hospital, Plymouth, of which he had been senior surgeon for a long series of years. He was M. D. and F. R. S. We now cross the Tamar, and at Launceston, (though we have not leisure to pay a tribute to departed worth, yet (offer our respects to Dr. Cutcliff, than whom few are more active in the cause of science and humanity. Whether the regular practiser may sneer at Mr. Ching, I know not, but the patent worm-lozenges have gained our Launceston apothecary a large fortune, and secured to him perpetual fame. Mr. Ching married Miss Rebecca Mitchel, one of the daughters of the late Mr. Mitchel, vicar of Veryan, a very sensible well-informed lady. At Bodmin, Dr. John Colwell was resident in 1742. He was a worthy man, but had the cautiousness of the old school. Dr. Harry a few years ago was more lively in observation, and bolder in the application of medicine. Of the late Dr. Thomas Hall, who died at Bodmin, in September, 1806, the memory will long be cherished by the friends of virtue, learning, and taste. In Roche lived, in Hal's time, Mr. John Keene, a surgeon, who had, "by his skill and care in his profession, got himself considerable reputation and riches." Dr. Gibbs, of Goran, is noticed by Hals and Tonkin. At Tregony, Hals

has preserved the memory of Hearle, who "by honest practice, and small fees, had advanced himself to wealth and reputation." At Truro, Dr. Michael Russell, humane and generous, and Dr. Peters, were physicians regularly bred. Dr. Wolcot, (whom we shall meet again in the character of Peter Pindar) after the residence of some years at Truro, left the field open to Dr. Gould, who came from St. Austell to that town, and hath since continued there in high reputation. Dr. Gould married a sister of Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly. In the mean time, the name of Warrick should be noted with a grateful remembrance of his long and successful practice in a populous neighbourhood. Mr. Warrick, unquestionably, was far above the vulgar tribe. He had science and ingenuity. To Mr. Kempe, his apprentice, partner, and son-in-law, and successor, it is with pleasure I extend the compliment. From Dr. Gould's advanced age, there is room, perhaps, for the exertions of another gentleman of the profession, and I know no young man more worthy of the public encouragement than Dr. Clement Carlyon, son of the late Reverend John Carlyon, an amiable and venerable name. Lively, active, sagacious, generous, attached to his profession, he brings with him from Edinburgh and from Cambridge, such qualifications as must satisfy the most sanguine wishes of his friends, and recommended also by the respectability of his connections, he will, doubtless, soon establish his character where he has so wisely fixed his residence. Without connections, indeed, (and some private fortune) a country town has no great attractions to a young physician. And, with gentlemen of every description, there is one circumstance unfavourable to the Hippocratic art, I mean the indifferent drugs in shops of most of the Cornish apothecaries. In proceeding to Falmouth, we are introduced to Dr. Jos. Fox, Dr. Stephen Luke, and Dr. Stephen Lowry, the first of whom has been, of late, an occasional visitor at Falmouth; the last two resident in that place. But without the least intention of depreciating the professional powers of the others, I point attention to Dr. Luke, with almost a degree of irritation, from the idea, that all Cornwall may not instantly join me in giving Dr. Luke the wreath of physic. If not to Dr. Luke to whom shall we adjudge it? Others have read extensively, have practised variously, and have been assiduous day and night in comparing the remarks of their brethren with their own, in noting the rising symptoms of disease, and in determining opinion at the sick-bed. Some have been happy in the treatment of fever—others, more successful in Dropsy, but with all such talents or qualifications, as are thus divided among many, Dr. Luke has a quickness in detecting the cause of a disease, which few possess, even in the capital of the kingdom. The case of the late Mr. Enys, of Enys, may be instanced among others, as a striking proof of his penetration and skill. That Mr. Enys's complaints were owing to a disease of the heart, was perceived by Dr. Luke, and as decisively pronounced: and the various symptoms that would arise in the progress of the disease, till its fatal termination, were foretold with an accuracy astonishing to common observers."

We must here stop short, as we have already, perhaps, transgressed our proper limits. We have done, indeed, what we intended. We have laid before our readers a fair specimen of each volume.

Nightingale's *Portraiture of Methodism.*

(Continued from p. 159, *Vol.* 29.*)*

THE growing ascendancy of Methodism, however, renders it an object of curiosity to inquire by what means it has attained such influence. Mr. Nightingale justly considers the "*Class-meetings*" as the corner-stone of Methodism, "the chief support of the methodistical hierarchy." These meetings we find originated in Bristol, not in any pious motives, not in works of love or charity, but with the sordid and worldly views of *levying money* off the poor people! A difficulty arose respecting paying the debts incurred by buildings; one member proposed, "let every one give a penny a week till all are paid;" another replied, "many of them are poor and cannot afford to do it;" then said he, "put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they *can give* any thing well. I will *call on them weekly*, and if they can give nothing I will give for them as well as for myself. And each of you call on eleven of your neighbours weekly; *receive* what *they give*, and make up what is wanting." Thus, these weekly visitants became not only collectors of an *income tax* (for all were required to give in proportion to their ability) but also spiritual *inquisitors*, armed with nearly all the powers of those in popish countries. In this manner a system of espionage was established, the inquisitorial collectors soon found the task of making good the weekly subscriptions, somewhat onerous, the poverty and inability of the people were attributed to their sins, or that they "did not *live the gospel*," and the necessity of placing not only spiritual, but moral and political guardians over their lives and property, was deemed sufficiently established. Hence the origin of the methodistic "class-meetings," which generally consist of an indefinite number of persons varying from eight to twenty, who assemble in private houses at eight o'clock in the evening once a week. The meetings are composed of both sexes indiscriminately, or of men or women only, at which a leader, either male or female, always presides. This leader, after singing some "*melting*" song, relates his or her "own *experience* during the preceding week;" their joys, sorrows, hopes, fears, conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil. Pious longings

and prayers for the brothers and sisters of the class, are next poured forth, and the "*experience*" is generally concluded with some distorted sentences of scripture, as "thou art black but comely. Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart, upon the mountains of spices!" After these expressions of eastern allegory so ill adapted to the use of the ignorant, hymns of "*groaning*, an answer from within," or a "believer *groaning* for full redemption," are "poured forth in the most soft, soothing, *languishing*, and *melting* strains that music is capable of." A short specimen of these love-songs will evince their *spirit*.

"O, *Love!* I *languish* at thy stay!
I *pine* for thee with *lingering smart!*
Weary and faint through long *delay:*
When wilt thou come into my *heart?*"

When these plaintive Sapphic effusions, which might have graced the plains of Corinth or Leucadia, have been sung with all the energy and melting pathos of glowing youth, the leader asks "well, sister, or brother, how do you find the *state* of your *soul* this evening?" Then commences the public exposure, and "no strangers being present," observes the author, "a *freer vent* is given to the *effusions* of the mind, and the *soft meltings* of the soul;" every member relates "a particular *experience;*" but farther into this abominable rite of methodism, this iniquitous compost of blasphemy and obscenity, so much worse than popish confession that it is more open, we must, for the sake of public decency, forbear to inquire. We shudder to reflect on the havoc it has already made on female modesty and chastity: the blush of virgin innocence has almost entirely disappeared wherever the luscious poison of methodistical experience has insinuated itself; and as female youth articulate the few expressions of scripture, their eyes and lips betray the real emotions of their hearts, while their minds wanton in "thoughts which are evil." Yet even this calamity is not the sum of the iniquitous effects of class-meetings: each member is called upon to contribute towards "the support of the *work of God;*" a book is kept in which their names are all blazoned forth with the respective sums subscribed, to any amount *above* one penny; and thus, under the pretext of charity, worldly vanity and ostentation are disseminated as religious principles!

The regulations and practices of the "band-meetings," are somewhat similar to those of the "class-meetings," only the number of persons seldom exceeds four or five, and *auricular*

confession is more directly professed. The reader may form an idea of the baleful consequences of such "confessions," singing of "melting and animating hymns," and "some poetical effusions the most *luscious* possible to be conceived," from their effects in Lancashire. But on this odious subject we shall not dwell. Mr. N. in quoting the opinion of a critic, thinks proper to observe, that "it is the office of a reviewer to *state*, not to *controvert* the opinions of an author, or the practices of a sect;" if this were the whole duty of a critic, it would be frivolous indeed, and the most profligate sentiments, the most pernicious principles, instead of meeting salutary checks, would then find only useful auxiliaries in the periodical reviews. We are surprized that he could have so far misconceived the duty even of the meanest literary judges. If an author states as a fact what a reviewer personally knows to be totally false, is the latter to repeat the falsehood and not the truth, merely because it *controverts* his author? The position is too absurd to be tolerated out of the tabernacle. The Methodist's answer as quoted by Mr. N. to a reviewer's well-founded objection against *confession*, is more worthy of attention. The critic, it appears, confounded sexual confession, with that of the papists, and supposed that methodists used their preachers as father confessors. The Methodist says "this is all pure fiction," as "the *band*-meetings consist of three or four persons always of the same sex, who *confess* their faults one to another." Now we must *confess* that this is so much worse than popish confession, that there are *three* persons instead of *one* to hear a narration of the weaknesses of the human heart, and the idle wanderings of the imagination. The defence therefore is greatly more injurious to the practice of methodism than the accusation. Admitting that the *confessions* are always to persons of the same sex, and that these never exceed three or four, yet, whoever knows any thing of human nature, or has observed the manners of the world, must know that even the plaintive and criminating *confessions* of one licentious person, are infinitely more deleterious to the heart and moral taste of innocent youth, than the deepest arts of the most abandoned of the opposite sex. The impassioned accent, the pestilential breath, of the hoary lecher will transfix the ignorant and unsuspecting heart of youth; even the wandering thoughts of more reserved matrons will never fail to excite juvenile curiosity, to inspire ideas which should never be entertained in any mind, to generate sentiments the very reverse of those professedly designed, and to congregate the wildest and most indefinite reveries of the imagination, and enable them to become impetuous and insa-

tiable passions which soon degenerate into the vilest, and most incurable of evil habits. The maxim, "to avoid evil communication," is founded on the experience of mankind; vices grow as well by promulgation as by repetition, and it has long been well ascertained that any intercourse with an incontinent woman is infinitely more dangerous to female virtue, than that with the most notorious debauchee among men.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is a weakness, indeed, inherent in our nature, and the direful effects of bad company are equally as great on men as women, although they are not perhaps so justly appreciated. The Methodists boast also of separating the sexes, and of making men *confess* to men, and women to women; this, it is evident, greatly aggravates the evils of methodistic confession. Mr. Nightingale *hopes* "that no *band*-sister or brother is ever so lost to all sense of shame and honesty, as to repeat abroad what passes in confidence at a private band-meeting." Against this vain hope we would only oppose the known practice of the world, and of fathers and mothers, in cases of inter-marriage. This detestable rite has not only corrupted many truly innocent persons, but it has also ruined others, whose sole offences consisted merely in a somewhat too fertile imagination. Were the *band*-meetings, indeed, composed of males and females, did they consist of three men and two women, or three women and two men, that favorite topic of methodistic confessions, the "lusts of the flesh," would be discussed with all the reserve of instinctive decency which are peculiar to man; the sanctity of nature would not be violated, the fleeting emotions of the heart would not be riveted in the mind, nor would the evanescent phantoms of a morbid fancy identify themselves with some latent passion: the ears would not be polluted by tedious (and no doubt often exaggerated) details of real or imaginary sins; the beauty of virtue would eclipse the deformities of vice; and, as we cannot suppose such weekly meetings would always terminate like new year ἀγάπαι, or love feasts, both sexes might acquire some practical and positive virtue by this mutual intercourse. But, as they are now constituted, the confessions of the old serve rather to apologize for, than reform the errors of, the young; both sexes become familiar with depravity, and the youthful mind soon acquires an intimate knowledge of all the vices of those worldly veterans, who are

"hackneyed in the ways of man." It is thus that *virgin innocence* has fled wherever *evangelical* or *methodistical piety* has poured forth its all-contaminating breath. It is thus that the impressive language of scripture, the purifier of hearts and lives, has been converted into an instrument of methodistic abominations. Is it then surprizing that licentiousness should be spreading throughout Britain to a most alarming extent, hitherto unparalleled in the worst ages of our country? This, however, the popular and ignorant declaimers ascribe to the influence of the great, and we are far from denying its effects; but were the manners of the lower classes so depraved in this respect during the licentious reign of Charles II.? Was there ever a time since the reformation, when this vice bore the same proportion to the extent of the population? Was ever *enjoyment* so much *studied?* and are we not, by the abandoned profligacy of the great, and the more secret, but more pernicious, influence of *methodistic confession*, (to use a vulgar metaphor) "lighting the torch at both ends?" Yet Mr. Nightingale assures us that a considerable number of these infatuated and depraved people solemnly believe that they "*have attained a state of perfection*," and that they "*never, on any account, or on any occasion or temptation whatsoever, commit the slightest sin, in* THOUGHT, *word, or deed!!*" The author, however, candidly acknowledges that he never attained to such a "degree of perfecting grace," as to qualify him to be initiated into the mysteries of "the select band."

We have here to notice the *agapæ* or love-feasts, of which many Methodists of the present day do not hesitate to deny the existence, and pretend that such things are practised only by the Moravians. Mr. N. gives a tolerably clear description of these ceremonies, which are unquestionably of heathenish origin, and very similar to Plato's Ἑορταὶ μετὰ θεῶν, or feasts after divine worship offered up to the gods. In like manner Damoetas in Virgil invites his friend, *cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.* That the methodistic love-feasts are analogous to the federal feasts of the ancients, with their gods, will appear from their own description. The term *agapæ* (ἀγάπαι, from ἀγαπάω, to *kiss*) was, indeed, applied to the meetings of early Christians, as Judas betrayed his master with a *kiss*, and hence, perhaps, the amorous Mr. John Wesley's best reason for adopting it.

"These meetings (the *agapæ* or love-feasts), says Mr. N. are kept, in most places, once every quarter, on the Sunday immediately following what the Methodists call quarter-day. After the regular public service is ended, and the whole congregation is dismissed,

which it is intended that a love-feast should be kept, the members return to the chapel, having shewn their certificates, or notes of admission, to some persons appointed for that purpose, who stand at the door. The preacher being still in the pulpit, opens the service by singing and prayer; which being ended, every one sits down, while the *stewards* hand to all present a little plain or spiced bread and water. It was originally the practice literally to *break bread* with *each* other; but much confusion and disturbance throughout the whole assembly being thereby occasioned, that practice is now *prohibited* by positive command of conference [a methodistic bull]. It would very often happen, [we readily believe it!] that a person might have a *particular attachment* to some *brother* or *sister*, who might be seated several pews distant, and when an attempt was made to manifest this attachment by *breaking bread with the favorite*, the noise and trouble of scrambling over the backs of the seats, or of pressing through the aisle, not only retarded the more important business of the love-feast, but gave considerable offence to those who had either *more modesty* or less violent and *impatient* prepossessions. It was, therefore, a prudent step to prohibit that species of *breaking of bread*; and I *believe* [but not *certain*] that *disorderly* practice is now entirely laid aside. After the ceremony of carnal feasting [like the federal eatings of the heathen sacrifices with the priests] is ended, another hymn is sung, during which time the stewards are handing the plate round for the purpose of collecting what every one is disposed to give for the relief of the poor members. This money, however, has sometimes been put into the general stock, when the society's finances were low."

When these indecent rites, more worthy of a gentile than Christian people, are finished, the business of general confession commences; should this flag somewhat, "recourse is always had to the fascinating and *invigorating* (stimulating) power of music," in lascivious or blasphemous songs. We shall here quote one stanza of these songs as a specimen, only omitting the violation of the third commandment.

> "Come, * * * * from above, these mountains remove;
> O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy *love:*
> My *bosom inspire*, enkindle the *fire*,
> And *fill* my *whole soul*, with the *flames of desire!!!*"

These *feasts* usually occupy above two hours, during which "numerous *experiences* are related both by men and women." "I have often," says the author, "been exceedingly pained on observing the *resisting bashfulness*, and the evident signs of *inward agitation*, which some of the *younger* part of the *females* have betrayed, just before they have risen to speak!" Was ever the genius of Satan, the deceiver of woman, so successful in discovering a means of eradicating all sense of de-

cency and modesty, from the female heart? Is it possible to conceive a more effectual means of destroying all that is good and amiable in woman, than by such *public* confessions? The obligations, also, to fulfil this odious rite, are, in the highest degree, blasphemous. "It is thought," we are here told, by many well meaning Methodists, "that *not to tell their experiences*, [what perfect Popery!] on these occasions, is to *quench* the spirit of God in their hearts, if it be not a *tacit denial* of Christ himself!!! This opinion, I believe, uniformly obtains where the *modest*, or the cowardly, member has had some extraordinary work of grace on his heart. On these occasions, to feel backward to speak for God, is to listen to the suggestions of the Devil, who will always strive to prevent his enemies from *telling* of any of his temptations. Thus, when these convictions happen to take place in a *modest*, or fearful, mind, the struggle between a sense of duty and the force of temptation, inclination, or habit, is violent beyond description. I have witnessed, and felt, these internal conflicts with the most poignant sorrow, and have known them, in some constitutions, productive of very alarming consequences. If the enemy is overcome, or the *sense* of *shame* removed, the victorious champion rises to tell of the engagement." When these *confessions* and *spiritual wrestlings* are concluded, several of the people go to prayer, one after another, or "all at once, as the preacher may be well or ill disposed to *favour a little spiritual romping, and holy confusion!*" The predeliction of the preacher, however, for "enthusiastic bawlers," is represented as even surpassing that for the good things of this world!

The machinery of Methodism, like that of popery, is sufficiently complex. It is not enough to have *class* and *band* meetings, in addition to all others; but they must also have *watch-nights!* This practice is acknowledged the most reprehensible of any. Formerly the watch-nights were held every Friday nearest the full moon; but their excesses became so enormous, and the race of Methodist preachers was by these means propagated so rapidly, that it was found necessary to limit them to once a quarter, to the eve of the quarterly meetings. Even this restriction, however, has been found insufficient, and all the modest or virtuous part of the Methodists, all those who have any sense of public decency, have declined attending these midnight *watchings*, except on new-year's eve. It is the rule of *watch-nights* to continue their love-songs, and confessions in the chapels till one o'clock in the morning, and often much longer; but a considerable number of the active ones withdraw themselves at the *darkest hour* of the night, and proceed to places

better adapted to their licentious purposes. These persons are generally fathers and mothers, whose abominations on methodist watch-nights are too shocking to be detailed. It has been calculated, that on an average, every Methodist chapel in London, gives occasion to at least three acts of adultery on the eve of every new-year's day. Of the other consequences of such nocturnal interviews let Mr. N. speak.

"Watch-nights are always very prolific sources of proselytism; and the Methodist interest owes much to the *soothing strains* and *intoxicating* influence of watch-night prayers and watch-night hymns. Were I disposed to dispute the moral and religious advantages of any part of the Methodist discipline, it would be that which enjoins the holding of these *midnight-assemblies.* Old and young, married and single, persons of both sexes, being here joined in promiscuous intercourse, undoubtedly get their *senses inflamed to a pitch of fervour* which it will require all the *prudence,* and all the *watchfulness,* of which the most sober and reflecting are capable, to *prevent falling into fervours less pure* and *innocent* than those which the sacred fire of devotion has kindled. Consequences the most *dangerous* may arise from the *temptations* which are laid in the way of two young persons returning home together in the *dead of night,* after having *attended* a watch-night." p. 220.

The indecency, not to say blasphemy, which prevails in the chapels after preaching, praying, and singing salacious songs, is thus described by our Methodist preacher:

"Liberty is then given to any one of the brothers or sisters, in the body of the chapel, to exercise the gift of prayer; when several, whose souls have been long waiting to be poured forth in *vocal* prayer, give vent to their feelings, and address the God of Heaven as they may be severally disposed to make known their requests, or to express their gratitude. It now becomes a matter of the greatest difficulty for those preachers who are concerned for the honor of religion, or the credit of Methodism, to *prevent* the *most shameful* and *disgraceful* vociferation and disturbance. Indeed, when any one begins to cry out for pardon, under an apparent sense of extraordinary guilt and condemnation, no persuasions, threats, or exertions of the ministers, can prevent the good people from indulging themselves. Many of the preachers themselves openly countenance and abet this work, believing, with great sincerity, that God is at these times pouring out his good spirit on the people, and that to discountenance a noise among them, would be *to fight against God himself!* (Others oppose it.) I have seen a preacher bite his lips with anguish and chagrin, or gnash his teeth with just indignation, when he has found himself so completely outpoured by the obstreperousness of his audience, that he has been forced to sit down with fatigue in the pulpit, or to descend, and wander from pew to pew, endeavouring in vain to quell

the *tumult*, of which his own sermon has often been the efficient cause."

The Methodists have combined a considerable portion of the extravagancies of almost every other sect or church. Their "*yearly covenant*," is analogous to the "solemn league and covenant," of the Scots seceders. The bigots justify this act by an appeal to the "covenants" in the Old Testament; as well might they attempt to adopt and justify burnt-offerings, or sacrifices. This covenant, to say the best of it, is at least a work of supererogation, of wickedness and of sinners, unbecoming of Christian believers, and unsanctioned by the tenor of Christianity. The obligation contracted by it purports to be only "to serve the Lord." On its renewal every year the preacher thus addresses his hearers:

"This covenant I advise you to make, not only in heart, but in word; not only in word but in writing: and that you would with all possible reverence *spread the writing before the Lord*, as if you would present it to him as your act and deed: and when you have done this, set your hand to it: keep it as a memorial of the solemn transactions that have passed between God and you, that you may have recourse to it in doubts and temptations.

"So highly is this form of covenant with the Almighty regarded by many Methodists, that instances have occurred where, in the most solemn manner, it has been actually signed by [with] *the blood of the creature*, imagining that such a mode of ratification is required, from its analogy to the bloody seal of the Creator!!!"

Few rational Christians will doubt that such ceremonies do not resemble idolatrous blasphemy. The society meetings, in which the several degrees of moral attainments are blended, are more social and political than the preceding. At these meetings various letters and statements of the progress of *the good work*, are read, and the preachers manifest as much willingness to exaggerate their successes as Buonaparte, and hesitate as little to *lie for God*, as he does for power. "Here, however," observes Mr. N. "is every thing to warm the imagination---to inspire the affections---to engage the heart. All the generous passions of the soul, and all the tender *sympathies* of *love*, are here invited to share the sweets of benevolence, the *mystic pleasures* of devotion. The alluring anticipations of futurity, accompanied by the *rapturous delights* of *present enjoyment*, and the unfolding influence of social intercourse." The social nature, indeed, of these meetings, will best appear by a stanza of their songs.

"*Two* are better far than *one*,
For counsel or for fight;
How can *one* be *warm alone*—?" &c. &c.

The "quarterly visitation of the classes" is perhaps the least objectionable ceremony adopted by the Wesleys. There could be no well-founded argument opposed to a rational quarterly examination by a clergyman of his followers, respecting their religious faith and moral conduct, were it not converted into a mean of levying heavy contributions on a credulous people. Those members who are found at the visitation to be backsliders do not receive tickets, and are thus known to be no longer of the Methodist community. The following is a representation of these spiritual passports, the alphabetical letter and texts of scripture being varied at every renewal of them, that is every quarter.

A CLASS-TICKET.

March, 1807.

That which ye have already, hold fast till I come.

REV. ii. 25.

M.

J— N—

A BAND-TICKET.

March, 1807.

Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

SONG OF SOL. iv. 7.

M. *b.*

M— N—

The distribution of these tickets, which "are printed at the Conference-office, North-green, Worship-street," and sent to all parts of the united kingdom, is a productive source of finance, every one paying sixpence and upwards on receiving them. This price, in addition to what is raised by a rigid adherence to the "original rule of methodism, which requires that each member shall pay, *for the support of the work,* at *least* one penny per week, and one shilling per quarter," furnishes a very considerable revenue to carry on the trade of methodism. In order to show the striking similarity between the practices of Papists and Methodists, we insert a sacramental-ticket, sold and delivered in Spain like the preceding.

Año MDCCCV.
Comulgó en la Parroquial
del Sagrario de la Catedral
De Granada. *M. A. A.*

Translation. "1805: communicated in the parish chapel of the cathedral of Granada. M. A. A."

This ticket is sold by the friars and priests, generally for a dollar, or more, to all persons who do not wish to go to mass, and take the sacrament at Easter.* The purchasers shew them to the visiting priests, lest their names, did they not communicate, or produce a ticket in proof of it, should be exhibited in the parish church, previous to their undergoing the sentence of lesser excommunication, according to the popish law, which requires, and even enforces, sacramental communion by all persons, at least once every year.

In describing the plan, and relating specimens, of methodistic sermons, our author is not very copious on so fecund a subject. Here, however, he displays more good sense than in many other parts of his work, and we could have wished for more, both of his own remarks, and the specimens. He falls, indeed, into the very error of which he accuses the Methodists, namely *abuse*, when he speaks of the "irksomeness of tedious liturgies," although the force of truth obliges this dissenter elsewhere to acknowledge the general superiority of the church of England. The pharisaical songs and long prayers of Methodist preachers, "*merely to fill up the time*," have been censured by the celebrated *Mr.* now the renowned *Dr.* Adam Clarke. But

"Notwithstanding Mr. Clarke's advice," says our author, "many of his brethren still assume an air of importance while in the pulpit; and have many fantastic attitudes; being still afflicted with that species of *paralysis* called *St. Vitus's dance*, as is evident from their *queer noddings*, *ridiculous stoopings*, and *erections* of the body; skipping from one side to the other of the desk, knitting their brows, with other *theatrical* and *foppish* airs. Yea, many do still flourish their handkerchiefs, and gaze about upon the congregation, before they begin their work. They still *whisper* in the beginning of their prayer, *storm* and *bellow* in the middle, and *scream* towards the end; *always*, however, *losing* their *fervour* when they come to repeat the *Lord's* prayer!"

To suit these holy contortions of methodistic piety many of the preachers, as Mr. Benson, make up their discourses of

* By means of these certificates, Jews or Protestants can live as well in Spain, as the most rigid Catholics, the friars never hesitating, for a reasonable consideration, to certify, at the expense of truth and their own consciences, that the bearer of them has regularly taken the sacrament, (that is, eaten the *real flesh* of Christ, for the *blood* is never offered to the laity) in obedience to the civil and ecclesiastical law of the realm.—Rev.

quotations from the poets,* while others adopt the method of "holy mirth and devout jocularity," practised by the merry-andrew of St. George's Fields. This custom of "spiritual jesting and pious punning," we are told is still continued, no doubt with success, by "Mr. Samuel Bradburn, who takes delight in making his audience merry under the word," (p. 260.) But, however contemptible such buffoonery may be, we must not omit to present our readers with a *fiery* specimen of true "*covenanting piety*," far superior to any thing exhibited by the Erskines, Knoxes, or any of the "solemn league and covenant" heroes of Caledonia. In a sermon on "Dives and Lazarus" published in 1806, we find

"A damned spirit," "a devil damned," "in the abyss of perdition, in the burning pool, which spouts *cataracts* of fire!" 'Sinners may lose their time in disputing against the *reality* of hell-fire, till awakened to a sense of their folly, by finding themselves plunged into what God calls 'the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.' Many are desirous of seeing an inhabitant of the other world, or they wish to *converse* with one to know what passes there. Curiosity and infidelity are as insatiable as they are unreasonable. Here, however, *God steps out of the common way* [how elegant!] to indulge them! You wish to see a disembodied spirit?—Make way! *here* is a damned soul, which Christ has evoked from the hell of fire! Hear HIM! Hear him tell of his torments! Hear him utter his anguish! Listen to the *sighs* and *groans* which are *wrung* from his *soul* by the tortures he endures! Hear him asking for a drop of water to cool his tongue! Telling you that he is tormented in that flame; and warning you to repent, that you come not into that place of torture! How solemn is this warning! How awful this voice! Hear the *groans* of this damned soul, and be alarmed!" p. 262.

Will it be believed that this *hellish* sermon was not only preached, but *published* also, by a man who professed to give lectures on the principles of matter, on light, heat, fire, and water, the lecturing hero of the Surrey Institution, the renowned Dr. Adam Clarke himself!! This is the victorious champion of methodism; for whom, could we believe his friends, several universities have contended to heap their honors upon his head, and not only princes, but even pious bishops, have besought him to touch the skirt of his garment, in order to participate in the holy unction of methodistic sanctity! But, if this incombusti-

* Some of these "melody-loving fanatics," although no favorites of the Muses, always carry a volume of "the beauties of the English poets," in their pockets.

ble preacher could, two years ago, deal out hell-fire with all the dexterity of a petty trader in giving short weight or measure, how much more expert must he now be, when he has learned to manage such inflammable matter as Mr. Davy's Potassium, almost as subtle as his own fire and brimstone? When he glided, with methodistic meekness, up the stairs at Somerset-house, and when his evangelical locks quavered at Mr. Davy's description of the intense heat of the galvanic battery, and the astonishing combustibility of Potassium, little did we suppose that the play of the affinities was then taking place in the holy pericranium of this saint-man amidst a heathenish assembly of philosophers, and that his imagination was then concentrating a new mass of combustible matter, to be poured forth on some unfortunate methodists in "cataracts of fire!" We have indeed been assured that the learned Dr. (and we are not disposed to question his right to this appellation) only roasts his hearers a little, to inspire them with confidence in him; now, as he has succeeded rather too far perhaps in making them fanatics, we hope that he will in future exercise his philosophy to make them rational Christians, and raise them again to the standard of the church. As to the author who has brought forward these damnatory specimens of methodist sermons, we fear we shall not be able to shield him from the fulminating excommunications, and "thunderbolts of everlasting vengeance, which" the little Dr. *Secretary* COKE will doubtless "hurl at his devoted head."

The natural history of methodism is very concisely, and we believe faithfully, related in the following extract, which discovers more *artifice* than we should have suspected in ignorant methodists.

"I have already given you some account of the qualifications of a prayer-leader, or exhorter. These are men of very considerable service in the cause of Methodism. They are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in the church; men who labour incessantly for the conversion of souls. They employ themselves with unwearied industry to gather people to the meeting. I have often known these men to go out in small parties, seeking opportunities of prayer and exhortation among their country neighbours. When one of these theological hunts takes place (and they used to be pretty frequent in some parts of the north of England), one of the party *must* be a *smoker of tobacco*; (for the rule against smoking and snuff-taking is not often kept). It is this person's business, whenever he comes to a place where he knows there are few if any Methodists, to call at some one of the houses, and to request the liberty of lighting his pipe. While he is performing this ceremony, his brethren are standing near the door. On some remarks being made by the smoker, on the heat

or coldness of the weather, &c. it not unusually happens that the good people of the house will request him to take a chair and rest himself while he smoaks his pipe. To this proposal he gladly accedes, and mentioning his friends at the door, they also are invited, and a familiar conversation soon takes place between the people of the house and their pious guests. While they are thus employed, some one of the party is looking round to see if there are any religious books on the tables or desks. In short, Madam, the subject of religion is some way or other introduced, and recommended to the affection of the people; and if they happen to receive the counsels of the Methodists favourably, a prayer-meeting is begun at the house—Methodism is introduced into the village—some of the people get converted; these convert others—a class is formed of the new converts—the local preachers are appointed; and if they succeed pretty well, an opening is made for their travelling brethren, and an out-pouring of the Spirit is the glorious consequence. Thus are the prayer-leaders employed, although, perhaps, not in every place exactly as I have been describing them, to pave the way for Methodism, where it would otherwise never be known.—Some of the prayer-leaders are also class-leaders. Of so much use are prayer-meetings to their cause, that to appoint them wherever they can make it convenient is an express rule of Conference. The prayer-leaders have meetings, composed of their own body, to consider of the nature and extent of their exertions, and of the best means of promoting their cause."

The methodistic constitution consists of six estates, four of which are lords spiritual, and only two commons. The prayer-leaders being the lowest, from them are chosen the class-leaders, selected from the sisterhood, as well as the brotherhood. The "class leaders (we are told) are the body politic, the great representatives of the people," but, unlike other representatives, they are the excise and the revenue officers of the methodist government, and not the guardians of the people's purses. From the class-leaders, however, are derived the lay or local preachers, who, although they pursue some more honest trade for a subsistence than field-preaching, are sometimes permitted to attain a rank among the spiritual orders, provided they manifest sufficient zeal in the cause, and have both an outward and inward *call* to the ministerial office. But these local preachers, of whom there are above 4000," says Mr. N. "are extremely ignorant. I know one at this time, who very lately knew not the use of a common dictionary; nay, there are some among them, I believe, that *cannot read at all!*" (p. 281.) The 4th class consists of the travelling preachers; and the 5th and 6th of the superintendants and members of the conference, which is the *sanctum sanctorum* of methodism. The local-preachers, indeed, whatever may be their zeal, or the extent of their

contributions, are never permitted to enter the conference, or know how the money raised is applied. The injustice and artifice of this conduct have been repeatedly lamented by the *honester* methodists. "There seems," say they, "something *contaminating* in the *ministry*. While a man follows a lawful trade, and preaches the gospel among us, he remains on a level with his brethren. But take a number of persons of this character, from a variety of places, and let them travel in union with the itinerant preachers, and you will soon perceive what *rapid progress* the *spirit of priestcraft* generally makes in their *hearts*!"

Over the local-preachers is appointed a Chairman of the District, who calls *district-meetings*, consisting of the travelling preachers in several circuits: "Every circuit is a kind of parish, where the superintendant is rector or vicar; every district a diocese, over which the chairman is bishop; and the conference a sort of conclave or general council. The chapels in the large towns may be called methodistical cathedrals; those in the surrounding villages, parish churches, and the consecrated barns, out-houses, &c. &c. so many chapels of ease." Our author being only a local-brother, of course cannot state from his own knowledge, the proceedings of the conference, the members of which contrive to appropriate the sums levied off the poor people, to their own use, and that of their friends, without ever deigning to give any account of it. He is obliged, therefore, to adopt the uncontroverted description of it by Mr. J. Crowther, who represents their proceedings as an

"Annual sublime sight of six or seven men, getting round the table at conference, and fighting with each other, talking by turns, (except when several of them talk together) engrossing all the speechifying; while the rest sit round in sullen, stupid, or indignant silence—the devil perching on the front of the gallery; while love, meekness, and wisdom, together with our guardian angels, and even the Holy Ghost, quit the assembly; and the confused group appears to the weeping heavens, somewhat like the assembly in a cock pit." p. 309.

Before quitting this most pestiferous race, however, the travelling-preachers, who literally "go about seeking whom they may devour," in levying contributions and debauching or seducing all the simple young women, or deluded wives, they can find, we must relate some particulars of their infamous conduct. By a law of conference these vagabonds "cannot marry until they have been four years in full connexion." To compensate for this they soon become adepts in *crim. con.* But the greatest and least excusable malefactors, are the married

itinerants, who often leave their wives with no other motive than that of licentiousness. One of these methodistical adventurers lately removed from London with his wife and family to a village in Yorkshire, where he was greatly admired for his ardent piety, and as being an able preacher. Happening to discover among his numerous followers a very handsome young woman, the only child of a poor widow, the holy methodist, pretending to be deeply engaged in study and meditation, alledged, that the noise of his own family interrupted him in his devout exercises, and by this artifice obtained a private lodging in the house of the widow. There, indeed, he pursued *his* devotion with sufficient ardour and success, and, after a time, found it necessary to recommend the simple girl to go out alone to some adjoining fields, whence she was to return with dishevelled locks and jaded aspect, and to announce her disaster by declaring, that some unknown ruffian had met and violated her. The story was at first believed, and excited general commiseration; but when the effects of this methodistic intrigue could no longer be concealed, the pious propagator *of the work* thought proper to suspend his preaching and his devotions, abandon his wife and family, and decamp for London. His precipitate flight awakened suspicion, and the girl being questioned, before lying-in, confessed the truth, in consequence of which the parish officers pursued him to London, and the culprit was arrested in the vicinity of the Tabernacle, on the City Road. We might also state many instances where methodist preachers have chosen their own preaching-shops for the commission of such crimes; and it is a remarkable fact, which fully demonstrates the true tendency of methodism, that prostitution in the vicinity of the Tabernacle, and in the midst of methodists of every description, is carried on as *methodically*, as it has long been systematically in the Palais Royal of Paris. Such a striking similarity to French epicurean sensuality exists, we believe, in no other part of the United Kingdom.

But the pernicious influence of methodism is, unhappily, not confined to one sex; it is no less deleterious among women than men. Even women of the town have been admitted into their classes, and carry methodist tickets and emblems in their pockets. One of this description was lately taken to a police-office for picking a man's pocket of his watch and money; in examining her, with the stolen money, a medallic print was found in her pocket, bearing on one side the effigy of "Selina, Countess of Huntingdon," and on the other, the inscription, "I know that my Redeemer lives!" In this manner the word of God is made a mockery; and while "the sacrifice of the

wicked is abomination, how much more when he bringeth it with a wicked mind." The prostitute thief seemed to think the bearing of this picture about her as some atonement for her wicked life. Another of a higher rank, a respectable householder in the north-west of London, who, although happening to be a frail fair one in her juvenile days, has now passed her tenth lustre, and, during the last 20 years has experienced "the operations of the word," undergone all the process of *conversion*, and has officiated a considerable time as a class-leader. This lady, who, no doubt, believes herself a very pious and sincere Christian, and whose present life does not falsify this belief, has been, we are willing to hope undesignedly, a most efficient instrument of methodistic corruption. Out of five females in her class at one time, principally the wives and daughters of respectable tradesmen, in consequence of hearing *her experience*, one young woman ran off with a private soldier, another is still living in open adultery as a kept mistress; a third, after marching the streets a few nights, terminated her guilty career by suicide; and a fourth, a wife and mother, has separated from her husband, the father of her children! Such are the consequences of a *reformed rake* becoming a *saint instructress*. Too much knowledge of the world is as dangerous to female minds as too little: their character, their physical constitution, and their habits, (at least in the present system of education,) all conspire to dispose them more to *feel* than to *reason*, to *receive impressions* rather than *weigh arguments*, and to be excited more by their imagination than guided by the cooler dictates of experienced judgment. Much more, therefore, of their character must always depend on the principles of their associates, than that of men's, and, consequently, as much more care should be taken in selecting their companions. It is as impossible for a woman who has ever once sinned against chastity, to be a teacher of morality and religion, or a fit instructress and companion for virgin innocence, as for "a camel to go through the eye of a needle." She can never unlearn what she has learned; and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." We would not aggravate misfortune by any popish penance; but it is our bounden duty to caution parents and guardians against implicit confidence or too familiar communication with penitents. Sinners can no more erase from their minds the effects of the recollection of their backslidings, than Eve could conceal from herself her own nakedness after eating the forbidden fruit. Those who know human nature will consider such effects as for ever disqualifying them for teachers, whatever may be their talents and learning. Christian charity, indeed, naturally inculcates forgiveness

and oblivion of errors; but as it is written, "one vessel is made to honour, and another to dishonor," let not "things which have been unclean, raise themselves in the high places." We are not to expect pure water from a muddy fountain; but, in mercy, let us hope for their pardon; in truth, let us not listen to those "who have made the heart of the righteous sad." We believe, indeed, that the most decided advocate of reclaimed sinners would not select a governess for their children out of the Magdalen. So far it is right; but is not the merit of the Magdalenite, whose second offence, perhaps, was the consequence of dire necessity, and now reformed by means of a public charity, much greater than that of her whose vices originated in want of principle, and whose reform was effected as much because her rank or talents required an impenetrable veil to be cast over her crimes, as by her pure love of virtue? This is a point particularly deserving the attention of benevolent and liberal minds, which are too often exposed to the snares of the deceitful, never suspecting in other hearts what they are unconscious of in their own. It is, however, a matter which must affect others quite as much, or more, than themselves; it is a questi n on which the happiness or misery of their children or *protegées* depend, and, consequently, requires additional discretion, lest they should have occasion to exclaim "how oft does goodness, wound itself, and sweet affection prove the source of woe!"

(To be continued.)

General View of the Agriculture of the County of Devon. By Charles Vancouver, 28 plates and map. 8vo. pp. 479, 15s. Phillips, 1808.

IN consequence of an attentive perusal of this work, our judgment is certainly favorable to its author. But there is one fault discoverable in various parts of it---an affectation of novelty, of originality, of independence on his predecessors. In chapter I. which respects the geographical state and circumstances of the county, Mr. Vancouver might have extracted from Mr. Polwhele's history, a far better account of the situation, divisions, climate,* &c. than he has given us. For chapter II.

* In describing the climate, the author states the general geological characters of each district; but he seems not to be aware that the climate is much more influenced by the vegetable, than mineral products, and that water with shrubs and trees always effect the atmos-

that relates to the state of property; the III. to buildings; the IV. to occupations; the V. to implements; the VI. to enclosing; the VII. to Arable land, and the VIII. to grass-land, Mr. Vancouver very wisely trusted to himself, and to those intelligent farmers and others, who communicated to him the results of their own observation and experience. For chapters IX. and X. on gardening and plantations, much information might have been derived from attention to the historian of Devonshire.—We perfectly agree with Mr. V. in the following observations on a practice, which much obtains in that county, and which Mr. Polwhele had reprobated in several parts of his work.

"From the practice of pruning the elm trees so close to their stems, many serious wounds are made, which are frequently traced quite rotten to the heart. The common elm produces no seed in this country, but propagates itself by suckers, or is cultivated by grafting: in the former case, when the old tree is cut down, or the roots are by any accident wounded, young shoots spring up in abundance. Writers on planting, recommend raising elms by layers as better than suc-

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phere and climate, whereas "flint," is wholly unsusceptible of any atmospheric action whatever. Marl, chalk, lime, and some clays, occasionally act, and are acted on by the atmosphere; but to convey any adequate idea of the climate, the author should have stated the elevation of the different hills in each district, the quantity of water, and the vegetable covering of the soil, in addition to the meagre, and in their present state almost useless, statements of the geological character. Mr. V. however, is not the only writer of agricultural surveys, who has committed this error. We fear that he is deficient in mineralogical knowledge, as he appears in p. 56, to confound fibrous lime stone with common calcarous spar. At p. 72, he also tells us that in this district, which includes Exeter, the "mineral substances are of small consideration," yet adds in a note, that "large quantities of manganese are found in the parishes of Bamford, Spake, &c." Is Mr. V. ignorant of the various uses to which this mineral substance has been recently applied? Seriously, we cannot help observing that agricultural surveyors, if they really design to improve the country, should take the trouble of learning something of chemistry, and mineralogy, before they attempt to give a "general view of the "*products* of the earth." Mr. V. also speaks of mines and quarries, but he has furnished no data, whence any conjectures of their actual value might be formed, nor any statement of the number of persons employed in them. The population act indeed has furnished the gross amount of the inhabitants in certain districts, but it remained for writers like our author to state the particular and local avocations of such persons.—Rev.

kers, which, they say, are more apt to breed suckers, and thus injure the tree, and incumber the ground round them. Those who give this advice, are probably in the interest of the nurseryman, for the statement is not true, and there are better trees than those properly taken from suckers, and placed for two or three years in a good nursery. A young tree growing as a sucker, without transplanting, certainly breeds new ones, because it springs up from a long horizontal root, which being accidently bored, or otherwise wounded, will, in all such places, throw up a new plant; but if the young tree be severed from this root, and planted in good soil, it speedily becomes flourishing, and grows exactly as the larger tree grows. On examination of these roots, no deficiency will be found, but the case is widely different if the young tree remains attached to the parent root, the decay in the stump of which communicates with the young tree; and this is the reason why so much of the hedge-row elm falls unsound. Although apparently flourishing in the lower part of the stock, they all grow from suckers, which convey the rot from mother to daughter; and it is a rare thing in Devonshire, to find two sound elms together that have sprung up spontaneously, whereas it is equally uncommon to find a planted tree unsound at the bottom. In all exposed situations, the plants should be put down small, but flourishing, and free from appearance of a former check. A plant once stunted may so far recover as to make somewhat like a tree; but it will never make a fine one. The vessels that convey its nourishment become rigid and contracted, and although a new outside of a more luxuriant growth may form after many years, as has been observed in the Norway spruce (and there is no doubt of its being common with other trees that have been planted large, and stood still for several seasons before they have again grown, and then shot luxuriantly) we find the original tree loose and unconnected in the centre of the new wood, and on the tree being sawn in two, it drops out. The famous cedar at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, had the original tree in the same manner loose in its inside, having probably been planted, and stood many years before it began to expand." p. 256.

For these observations, Mr. V. is chiefly indebted to Colonel Taylor, of Ogwell-house, who, (in common with other gentlemen of Devonshire,) seems to have paid great attention to the culture of forest trees. The remaining chapters, XI. on wastes; the XII. on improvements; the XIII. on embankments; the XIV. on live stock; the XV. on rural economy; the XVI. on political economy; the XVII. on the obstacles to improvement; and the XVIII. entitled Miscellaneous articles, contain much valuable matter: And, in conclusion, "the means of improvement," which the author suggests, afford proof of judgment and sagacity. We shall make one extract more, at p. 327. The north Devon breed of cattle has long been celebrated. Respecting the north Devon cow, our author says:

" When fattened to its frame, it will not exceed eight score per quarter; and the ordinary average of its ox, at five years old, and equally well fattened, must not be rated higher than three score per quarter above the weight of its fattened mother. The form of this animal, its excellencies and defects (for absolute perfection is not to be expected), will now be described, with all the skill and candour possessed and felt by the author of this report. Its head is small, clean, and free from flesh about the jaws; deer-like, light and airy in its countenance; neck long and thin, throat free from jowl or dew-lap; nose and round its eyes, of a dark orange colour; ears thin and pointed, tinged on their inside with the same colour that is always found to encircle its eyes; horns thin and fine to their roots, of a cream colour, tipped with black, growing with a regular curve upwards, and rather springing from each other; light in the wethers, resting on the shoulders, a little retiring and spreading, and so rounded below, as to sink all appearance of its pinion in the body of the animal; open bosom, with a deep chest or keel preceding and between its legs; small and tapering below the knee, fine at and above the joint, and where the arm begins to increase, it becomes suddenly lost in the shoulder; line of the back straight from the wethers to the rump, lying completely on a level with the pin or huckles, which lie wide and open; the hind quarters seated high with flesh, leaving a fine hair-ham tapering from the hock to the fetlock; long from rump to huckle, and from the pinion of the shoulder to the end of the nose; thin loose skin, covered with hair of a soft and furry nature, inclined to curl whenever the animal is in good condition and in full coat, when it also becomes mottled with darker shades of its permament colour, which is that of a bright blood red, without which or other spots particularly on the male; a white udder is sometimes passed over, but seldom without objection."

The Reverend Mr. Clark has furnished the author with some very curious coloured drawings of the mildew or rust in various vegetables, accompanied with interesting observations on the alleged fungi, and insects by which it is produced. It appears that black alder, pear-tree, willow, box, barberry, raspberry, rose, gooseberry, blackberry or bramble, trefoil, strawberry, dock, coltsfoot, grasses, melancholy thistle, and wheat, are most subject to be affected by this disease, or rather that the leaves of these plants are most frequently the nidus for those parasitic fungi and insects, which are vaguely denominated blight or mildew. The ingenious observer and delineator of these appearances found, that by destroying brambles, barberries, &c. on which the mildew usually appears, his wheat suffered much less during the following year; for this reason he recommends the removal of all those spots on the bark of the hazel, willow, and birch, which contain fungi during the winter. This naturalist observed likewise in the fungi " an

insect about the size of a cheese-mite, of a shining black color, and somewhat the shape of a beetle. It is the exact size of the aperture in the fungus blossom, and when the fungus is decaying, inhabits it, and feeds on its interior. These curious little insects are sometimes found also in the interior of dead oak apples, where, as in other fungi, they probably remain during winter." We would recommend it to Mr. Clark to examine these insects more minutely, and endeavour to ascertain, as we have no doubt of his ability, their natural history. This point is highly interesting; for, notwithstanding the ingenious researches and speculations of *Fontana*, which have been recently brought forward by Sir Joseph Banks; it is yet far from being well established that the blight, mildew, or rust, is the effect of fungi; on the contrary, in addition to the fact stated by Mr. C. there are many reasons for believing that the supposed fungi are mere vegetable excrescences produced by insects, the same as the galls of oak. If more pains had been taken to ascertain this fact, some mean of preventing or obstructing the influence of blight would have been discovered much sooner.

Mr. Vancouver has paid a laudable attention to the state of the poor, and the number of benefit societies in Devon; we wish that the county gentlemen would every where devote as much attention to these fostering institutions as Mr. Curwen has done at Carlisle. The number of females in Devonshire exceeds that of the males only about $\frac{1}{44}$ part of the whole population; in Middlesex, it exceeds $\frac{1}{13}$ of the whole population; a presumptive proof of the superior virtue of the people of Devon. In most departments of France there are above five women to three men. The cottages erected for the poor are by no means either comfortable or economical, and their lofty and expensive roofs show how little attention has been paid to the construction of such buildings. In the accounts of the athletic exercises, wrestling, we find, is still a favorite amusement; but we are surprized, that the barbarous custom of kicking the "shins till they stream with blood," should still be permitted. This horrid practice accounts for the circumstance of the Devonshire seamen, although devoid of any scorbutic or scrophulous affection, being often troubled with "bad legs" at sea. The interest of the service requires that such practices should be abolished.

On the whole, we may safely conclude, if the task assigned by the board of agriculture to each of the surveyors, be performed so well as this by Mr. Vancouver, a very considerable accession will be gained to the practical knowledge of the farmer.

Zoological Lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution in the years 1806 *and* 1807, by George Shaw, M. D. F. R. S. &c. with plates from the first authorities, and most select specimens, engraved principally by Mrs. Griffith. Pp. 494, 8vo. 163 plates, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Kearsley, 1809.

IN no branch of human science is the painful contemplation of national inferiority so sensible to Englishmen as in that of Zoology. In chemistry, natural philosophy, and botany, we have the spectacle of an almost acknowledged pre-eminence over every other country in the present age; but when we contrast the Lacepedes, Cuviers, Lamarcks, Latreilles, Geoffroys, and multitudes of other zoologists of Paris, with all that has or have any pretensions to this title in London, we are humbled and grieved at the astonishing disparity. With the exception of the present author, whose talents and industry fortunately are some consolation to the honour of his country, we can scarcely name a living zoologist of any distinction in England. We have, indeed, several very respectable naturalists, as Drs. Latham, Smith, Turton, Martin, Haworth, and many others, but no rival or coadjutor to Dr. Shaw in the general and scientific study of animated nature. Some, perhaps, may think this circumstance of trifling importance; we think it a reflection on the national taste, which does not patronize such instructive and innocent amusements. It is difficult indeed to say whether he is most deserving of pity or contempt, who does not blush on reflecting how many hundreds of thousand pounds have been lavished, within these few years, on foreign spies, in the capacity of singers or dancers in this country, while, perhaps, not *one* thousand has been spent on the cultivation of zoological researches. Were the people of the United Kingdom destined to become a nation of dancers and fiddlers, greater attention could scarcely be paid to these important acquirements and contaminating accomplishments. For these sensual enjoyments the improvement of the human mind, in the assiduous study of the animal kingdom, and the interests of society, are to be neglected. Nay, so infatuated and degraded have the higher classes become with such pursuits, that they no longer think of supporting the only institution in the British metropolis which is calculated to disseminate a taste for zoological knowledge; and it is at present doubtful whether the people of London will ever again have an opportunity of hearing our author's ingenious and interesting lectures. If, however, they avail themselves of these elegant volumes, which the author modestly describes rather as "familiar discourses with Lady-Auditors," than "as a deeply

scientific and elaborate series of zoological disquisitions," they will not repent the time and attention they may bestow on them in acquiring a general knowledge of the most curious phenomena of animal nature. Dr. Shaw has not entered into "any very minute observations relative to classification," nor has he attempted to prove, from Aristotle, that "a man hath 10 toes;" but has given "a plain illustration of the animal world, according to the Linnean mode of arrangement, with some occasional deviations and transpositions." The work, indeed, is designed for the instruction of those who have no knowledge of anatomy, and is a series of popular lectures on the most interesting subjects in the animal world, divided into twelve discourses.

The first lecture embraces a general survey of the animal kingdom, the union of animal and vegetable life in zoophytes, and the formation of polypes. The second, third, and fourth, are devoted to the consideration of the more curious species of mammalia: the fifth and sixth to birds; the seventh to amphibia; eighth to fishes; ninth to insects; tenth to Mollusca Nuda, (or soft-bodied animals;) eleventh, Mollusca testacea, (or soft-bodied animals with shells; and twelfth, Linnean vermes and zoophytes. As friends to this elegant study we shall quote a part of Dr. Shaw's introductory lecture.

"It seems," he observes, "almost unnecessary to enforce the utility of the study of natural history by any particular recommendation. Its importance begins to be understood, and it is generally acknowledged that, exclusive of its more consequential aims, it has the peculiar advantage of uniting amusement with instruction, and of impressing the mind with a train of the most pleasing ideas while engaged in contemplating the infinitely-varied forms exhibited in the field of nature, and in tracing their gradations and connexions; and we must readily allow that it is no unimportant object to be able to secure to ourselves some species of study, which, in its progress, may continue to afford a rational delight, and in the pursuit of which there can be no fear of soon exhausting the subject. One of the greatest and most estimable characters, that perhaps ever ornamented this or any other nation, the celebrated Ray, observed, 'we content ourselves with a little skill in philology, history, or antiquity, and we neglect that which appears to me of much greater moment; I mean the study of nature, and the works of creation. I do not mean, (he adds) to derogate from, or discommend, those other studies; I only wish that they might not quite jostle out and exclude this; and that men would be so equal and civil as not to vilify or disparage in others those studies they themselves are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant to the soul than this; none so satisfying, or that doth so feed the mind; in comparison of which, the study of words and phrases

seemeth insipid and jejune, for words being but the images of things, to be given up wholly to their study, what is it but to verify the folly of Pygmalion, to fall in love with a statue, and neglect the reality! The treasures of nature are inexhaustible; there is enough for the most indefatigable industry, the happiest opportunities, the most prolix and undisturbed vacancies."

Here we must be permitted to remark, that the learned and ingenious labours of Ray, and his admirable little treatise, entitled the "Wisdom of God in the Creation," together with those of Boyle and Derham, contributed very materially to extirpate the seeds of infidelity in Britain, and to establish a philosophical and rational belief in Christianity, almost unknown in other countries. This rational Christian faith has nobly maintained its ground, spurned with ineffable contempt all the arts and declamations of modern infidels, and will long remain the most honourable characteristic feature of Englishmen, if not perfidiously circumvented by methodists and papists. Considering, therefore, the evidently salutary effects of the study of natural history at the conclusion of the 17th, and beginning of the 18th century, is it not peculiarly incumbent on all the friends of religion, morality, and social order, to encourage, and, by every rational means, promote such a study at the present period, when the people are nearly divided into two classes---infidels and fanatics? There is, perhaps, no more effectual or easier means of treating either of these classes, than by a reference to the admirable *order* and *variety* in the economy of animated nature. Some of our ablest poets have turned their attention to this study, and it is here stated, as a fact not generally known, that Gray was so much attached to it, that he "translated the Linnean Genera, or Characters of Insects, into elegant Latin hexameters, some specimens of which have been preserved by his friends, though they were never intended for publication."

Dr. Shaw notices several mistakes in natural history, committed by many of our ablest writers, such as "scaly rind," applied to the whale by Milton; an error which it is supposed he copied from Gesner; but, perhaps Milton had some peculiar ideas of that imaginary animal which he designates leviathan, and not whale. A more modern poet has considered the moth and butterfly as sinking into the dormant state of chrysalis, instead of springing from it, and thus reversed the order of nature. Two, not very uncommon, caterpillars of the phalæna vinula, were described in the public journals in July, 1794, being discovered near Sheffield, as "two strange phenomena of nature, with green bodies slated over, heads like that of a lion, and two spears behind, of a fine scarlet colour."

The late Mr. P. Thicknesse also described, in the Gentleman's Magazine, one of the most common insects in England, but in its first state, (in which it always resides under water) as an animal till then unheard of. It would be easy indeed to multiply similar instances of gross ignorance in many publications of the present day, and we fear that even philosophers, and naturalists themselves, do not unfrequently fall into very strange mistakes. We suspect that Mr. Home has drawn rather hasty conclusions respecting the sea-snake, as it was called, lately thrown on shore in the Orkneys, from the few fragments of it which have found their way to London. He has pronounced it of the same genus as the *squalus maximus*, or basking shark, or rather as forming an intermediate genus between the shark and whale; but as this animal was (about 55 feet) nearly double the length of the shark, and having a main, it possessed but few characters in common with this fish. But to return to our author; Dr. S. after stating the objects which zoology comprizes, as quadrupeds, birds, amphibia, fishes, insects, testaceous animals, and zoophytes, proceeds to examine the basis of all classifications of the animated world.

"In taking a survey of the animal world," observes Dr. S. "we may either commence with the highest order of animals, and gradually descend from our own species to the minutest animalcules visible by the assistance of the microscope; or from these minute points, as it were, of existence, to man himself, the chief of creation here below. I must observe, that it may be greatly doubted, whether it be practicable to make out a continued natural chain or series of animals, united throughout by evidently connecting links; at least, all attempts of that kind have hitherto failed: and the animal world, and indeed all the productions of nature, seem rather connected by many points of affinity on different sides, than by a regular chain of gradation; so that, as the learned Dr. Pallas has well observed, the face of nature may rather be said to represent a reticulated or polygonal surface, than to be disposed in a continued lineal progression. But though a perfectly natural chain or arrangement of animals cannot be contrived, it is still necessary to form some kind of classification to keep together such tribes as most evidently resemble each other.

"The most ancient division of animals, (exclusive of the slight sketches to be found in some parts of the sacred writings,) is that of Aristotle, who divided animals into *viviparous*, or such as produce living and perfectly-formed young, and into *oviparous*, or such as produce eggs, from which the young are afterwards excluded. This distinction of animals was not conducted with perfect exactness, and Aristotle himself was sensible that it was liable to some exceptions, and that it contained certain inaccuracies. It continued, however, to be in use, with some modifications, till towards the decline of the 17th

century, when our famous Mr. Ray formed a new classification of animals, founded chiefly on the structure and nature of the heart and lungs in the different tribes; and the Linnean arrangement of the animal kingdom still acknowledges that of Ray for its basis; particularly with respect to quadrupeds."

The lecturer proceeds to give a familiar view of the Linnean classification, and after expressing his doubt respecting the yet unascertained point, whether *insects* have no regular circulation of their blood, very properly notices the just ridicule which has been cast on the modern vanity of system-making. The following is an outline of one of the best of these professed scientific effusions of the imagination.

"M. Cuvier divides the whole animal world into what he calls *vertebrated* and *invertebrated* animals; that is, such as are furnished with a backbone, divided into the joints called vertebræ, and forming a case or guard for the spinal marrow, and into such as are destitute of this series of bones, and are therefore invertebrated animals. His first class, viz. the *vertebrated* animals, are subdivided into such as have warm blood, and a heart with two cavities, or ventricles, and into such as have comparatively cold blood, and a heart with one ventricle. In the first division, then, of vertebrated animals rank quadrupeds and birds; and in the second, or such as have cold blood and a single ventricle, rank the Linnean amphibia and fishes. The second great class, consisting of the *invertebrated* animals, or such as are destitute of the spine or back-bone, is divided into such as have a system of blood-vessels for the purpose of circulation, and such as have none. The first of these divisions, or that consisting of animals furnished with blood-vessels, contains the major part of what Linnæus calls Mollusca, or soft-bodied animals, and also all the Crustacea, or such as are furnished with a moderately hard or crustaceous covering. In the second division of invertebrated animals are contained those which are supposed to be destitute of a regular system of blood-vessels; these animals are insects and zoophytes; M. Cuvier not allowing a circulation of the blood in insects; and in the animals called zoophytes, it has certainly never been observed."

It is not difficult to foresee that this system is too anatomical ever to supersede the more intelligible and more simple one of Linnæus. Dr. Shaw proceeds to examine the distinctions between animals and vegetables, and contrasts the extraordinary irritability of the dionæa muscipula, or Venus's fly-trap, an American plant, well known in the botanical gardens near London, with the singular organization of polypi, which, although belonging to the animal kingdom, grow by section as well as plants.

"The limits of animal and vegetable life," says Dr. S. "are gene-

rally allowed to concur or unite in those extraordinary beings called *zoophytes*, and above all others in those zoophytes called polypes, of which four different species have been discovered in our own country, as well as in many other parts of Europe. They are small water animals, of a very tender substance, and furnished at the upper part with several long and slender arms, with which they seize their prey; the body is of a lengthened and tubular form, and the whole creature possesses, in a very high degree, the power of extending or contracting itself at pleasure. It produces its young principally by a species of vegetation; certain small swellings, or tubules appearing at intervals on different parts of its body, which, in the space of a few days, become complete, and resemble the parent animal in every respect, except that of size. When thus fully formed, they drop off from the body of the parent animal, and attach themselves to any convenient substance. It often happens that a polype shall be loaded, not only with a primary, but a secondary, offspring, the young animals themselves, before their separation from the parent, producing others in a similar manner; so that the whole may be compared to a kind of genealogical tree. These creatures are highly voracious, and possessing, as before observed, a very high degree of contractile and extensile power, are capable of swallowing other animals of far larger size than themselves; the tubular body of the polype enlarging in order to receive them. The act of seizing their prey is very sudden and violent, but their mode of swallowing and absorbing it, is very gradual. When a polype is cut into two or three pieces, each peice, in the space of a few days, especially in warm weather, becomes a perfectly complete animal, by the re-production of every part deficient. Thus, if a polype be cut into three pieces, the office of the head, or upper part, is to produce a new extremity or tail, with its sphincter-muscle; of the tail part to produce a new head and arms; and of the middle part to produce both extremes. It therefore cannot be doubted that the polypes do really constitute the connecting link between animal and vegetable life."

The natural history of the polype renders it impossible for the most dogmatical philosopher to say, "here animal life entirely ends, and here the vegetable life begins;" nor can any one safely assert, that, "life in every animal is a thing absolutely different from that which we dignify by the same name in every vegetable." The consideration of this subject, indeed, would perhaps perplex some of our Edinburgh philosophers on causation and sequence; though we doubt much whether it is possible to extort a confession of ignorance from the slaves of what has been truly called the vanity of philosophy and science.

(*To be continued.*)

The SUBSTANCE *of a* SPEECH *delivered in the* GENERAL ASSEMBLY, *on Thursday the 25th of May*, 1809, *respecting the merits of the late Bill for the Augmentations of the Stipends of the Clergy of Scotland.* By the Rev. T. CHALMERS, Minister of Kilmeny, 8vo. pp. 31. Oliphant and Brown, Edinburgh, 1809.

THIS is an ebullition of zeal highly creditable to the talents and principles of the author, and demands the serious perusal both of the clergy and the laity, the latter of whom seem to be little aware of the injury they do to religion by resisting the equitable claims of the former, or withholding from them that comfortable subsistence, to which their education, the respectability of their characters, and their useful labours, so well entitle them.

The clause complained of, viz. *that the intervals between augmentations shall be dated from the last decrees of modification, instead of being dated from the last citation of summons*, must evidently have been an oversight; and, on a proper and respectful representation of the case, the Legislature would certainly not hesitate a moment to amend it. It cannot be denied, that it holds out to the heritors an obvious inducement to protract the litigation of the future claims of the clergy, and that the consequent delay defeats, in a great measure, the intention of the act.

To the author's sentiments respecting the importance of the independence of the clergy to the interests of religion, we give our cordial approbation. If, either by the neglect of the legislature, or by the stinginess of their hearers, they are suffered to sink below the rank which they ought to hold in society, whatever be their personal merit, they can no longer command that respect, from a vain, thoughtless, and undiscerning world, which is necessary to secure attention to their instructions. "Many more can see that you are poor, than that you are wise," says Dr. Johnson, "and few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner."

"I have heard of the obloquy which a clergyman incurs," says Mr. Chalmers, "by his eager pursuit after the objects of temporal ambition; and I know just as much of that obloquy as thoroughly to despise it. I have sickened a thousand times over at the flippancy of those tame and hackneyed declamations, where the fine ardours of independence and liberality are made to glow in every page, and sparkle in every sentence; where the clergy are represented as made up of selfishness and hypocrisy; and the poor deluded country as groaning under the jugglery of a designing and ambitious priesthood.

At the beginning of the last century, this declamation was confined to philosophers. It figured away in the compositions of Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury; but their example caught, and it has now descended to the meanest and most illiterate of the species. I know not whether to laugh or to cry, when I contemplate the picture of a modern unbeliever; when I see him trick himself out in all the pride of the infidel philosophy; when I see him rising in conscious satisfaction at the fancied liberality of his own sentiments; when, without a particle of science to boast of, I hear him expatiate in hackneyed eloquence, on the omnipotence of reason, on the triumphs of science and of sentiment, on the controul which the bigotry of churchmen has attempted to impose on the progress of opinion, and on their being the deadliest enemies to the illumination and liberty of the species. I hope that my brethren will stand unmoved from their most righteous purposes, by imputations so illiberal and untrue; that they will feel how they must be supported by all the sense and candour of an enlightened public; and that they will persevere with a firm and unfaltering [we would have said, steady] step, in the restoration of their independence, though every wit should point his epigram, and every pigmy philosopher deck his tinsel declamation, with the ambition and avarice of churchmen.

"Were we a mere collection of individuals isolated from the country, and from all its interests, I allow you to brand our attempt, as the scramble of an ambitious and interested priesthood. But, take us as we are, a body of men, labouring for the highest interests of the species, and whose labours, to be successful, must be supported by the genteel independence of our circumstances; I say, take this view of the matter, and you impress upon our proceedings the stamp and the character of patriotism. I am not pleading for the interests of my order; I am pleading for the interests of religion. I am not pleading for my own personal emolument; I am pleading for the character of the future age, and for the interests of children that are yet unborn. The fact is undeniable. There has, for years past, been a progress in the circumstances of the clergy towards obscurity and degradation. [More properly speaking, there has been a progress in the opulence and luxury of the other classes of society, disproportionate to the improved circumstances of the established clergy of Scotland, leaving the latter, though not altogether stationary, far behind.] Let this be suffered to continue for a few years to come, and their usefulness is annihilated; their respectability is gone for ever; they will labour in all the humility of dependence; the cold blast of poverty will stifle all that is manly and generous within them; and, instead of the intrepid assertors of truth and purity, the church will be filled by men trained by want to the most disgraceful compliances, truckling in the low walks of sycophantish accommodation, and ready at all times, for the patronage of a superior, to bow the knee, and raise the polluted incense of flattery."—— ——"Religion will lose its estimation the moment that its ministers lose their influence and their respectability. Every fine

gentleman will turn away from religion, and be ashamed of its vulgarity. [Alas! it requires not the gift of prophecy to foretel this. The prevailing irreligion and profligacy of the fashionable world fully justify the prediction.] The sabbath bell may ring for another century, but it will only be a signal to the meanest of the people. Ordinances will be deserted; and all that will remain of the venerable christianity of our forefathers, will be a low, drivelling superstition among the most ignorant of the community. These are gloomy anticipations; but I am not conscious of being misled by the colouring of an extravagant fancy. I utter them with all the confidence of sober and determined conviction; and I appeal for their justice, to any man whose mind is at all cultivated in the experience of human affairs."

But, perhaps, Mr. Chalmers is carried a little too far, by the ardour of his indignant and elevated mind, when he adds: "It is quite in vain to talk of the eloquence and example of the clergy. I maintain, that without independence all example is vain, all piety will be laughed at, and all eloquence will be given to the wind. You may call it the grossness, or you may call it the brutality, of human nature; but the fact is unquestionable, that, without independence, a minister can do nothing." This is certainly saying too much. We know many worthy clergymen, who are very useful, though far from being independent; who, under the most discouraging circumstances, are *the intrepid asserters of truth and purity*; who would scorn to *truckle in the low walks of sycophantish accommodation*, or, *for the patronage of a superior*, to *bow the knee*, or *raise the polluted incense of flattery*; who would not yield to Mr. Chalmers in true dignity and independence of mind; and who, by temperate habits and frugality, make a very respectable appearance on lamentably small incomes. Many such truly venerable and primitive characters the Church of England can boast, whose unaffected piety, and blameless manners, whose extensive knowledge, and profound learning, though exposed to "the proud man's contumely, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," command the esteem and respect of all who are capable of appreciating their worth and talents, or whose good opinion a wise man would be anxious to cultivate. Need we name, too, as eminent instances of such disinterested worth and usefulness, the clergy of the venerable remains of the Scotch episcopal church, who cannot be supposed to have any secular views in entering into the ministry, in the present circumstances of that church; and who, though their congregations, in general, are composed of the most respectable classes, have not, to the shame of their adherents, salaries at all adequate to their comfortable subsistence; but, while the established

clergy of Scotland are receiving repeated augmentations, to enable them, in some measure, to keep pace with the other classes of society, have long been left to the exercise of Christian patience, and self-denial, and to console themselves by reflecting on the primitive purity of their church, and that *godliness with contentment is great gain.* The peculiar hardship of their situation, however, has lately excited the attention of a generous public; and some of the first characters in the United Kingdom have warmly interested themselves in their behalf. Indeed, were the case of this learned and loyal body properly represented to the Legislature, which has lately, with well-judged generosity, passed an act for the relief of the poorer clergy of our established church, we cannot doubt but it would extend its bounty, (and with, at the least, as much propriety as to the Irish Catholic and Presbyterian clergy) to the pastors of a church, not only in communion with the Church of England, and holding the strictest conformity with her in doctrine, discipline, and worship, but deriving her spiritual powers through the hands of English Bishops.* But the author goes on:

* "The Scottish bishops, who had been driven into exile by the violence of the times, had all died, except one, without being able to provide for the episcopal succession. It was, therefore, determined by those who had the object at heart, that this necessary provision should be made, by having recourse to the same expedient which had been adopted about fifty years before; and accordingly four of the persons who had been nominated for the Scottish Episcopate, were consecrated at London, on the 15th of December, 1664, by four of the English bishops. But neither on this, nor on the former occasion, did any of the two Archbishops officiate; lest their presiding at the consecration should have been considered as claiming from the Church of Scotland the acknowledgement of any subjection to the metropolitical sees of Canterbury or York. On returning to Scotland, the four newly-consecrated prelates took possession of the several sees to which they had been appointed, and the other ten bishopricks were afterwards conferred on the persons who, for that purpose, had received consecration from their hands.

"Thus was episcopacy once more restored in Scotland, and continued to be the established form of church-government, till the revolution took place in 1688, when the bishops unanimously refusing to comply with that change, and to renounce the allegiance, which they had sworn to King James, were obliged to suffer the consequences of such refusal; and, however imprudent their conduct may appear in a worldly view, it is evident, from the sacrifices which they made, that they acted with an integrity, and from the most disinterested and conscientious motives.—They lost their revenues, and temporal jurisdiction; but their spiritual authority still remained,

"To say, that his learning and his virtues are sufficient for him, is to betray the ignorance of a school-boy; it is a mere airy and unsupported romance;—a piece of fantastic colouring that may make a figure in the enchanted walks of fiction and of poetry, but will never do in practice, and is quite unsupported by a single observation in the history of human experience. It is quite ridiculous to say, that the worth of the clergy will suffice to keep them up in the estimation of society. This worth must be combined with importance. Give both worth and importance to the same individual, and what are the terms employed in describing him?—a distinguished member of society—the ornament of a most respectable profession—the virtuous companion of the great—and a generous consolation to all the sickness and poverty around him. These appear to me to be the terms peculiarly descriptive of the appropriate character of a clergyman, and they serve to mark the place which he ought to occupy in the scale of society. But take away the importance, and leave only the worth, and what do you make of him? What is the descriptive term applied to him now? Precisely the term which I often find applied to many of my brethren, and which galls me to the very bone every moment I hear it—*a fine body*—a being whom you may like, but whom I defy you to esteem—a mere object of endearment—a being whom the great may at times honour with a condescension of a dinner, but whom they will never admit as a respectable addition to their society."

Mr. Chalmers, therefore, "demands of the court of Tiends

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and that "gift of God," which they had received by the imposition of episcopal hands, they considered themselves bound to exercise for promoting that episcopal "work in the church of God, which had been committed to them." By virtue of this commission, they continued, in a quiet and peaceable manner, to discharge the duties of their spiritual function. They ordained ministers for such vacant congregations as adhered to their communion; and when they saw it necessary to attend to the preservation of their own order, they proceeded to the consecration of such persons as were thought most proper for being invested with that sacred and important trust.—We have also to observe, that all the ordinations and consecrations, which have taken place in the Scotch episcopal church, since the era of the revolution, have been, and still are, invariably performed, as we have reason to believe they were from the restoration to that period, according to the "form and manner of ordaining and consecrating" prescribed by the church of England. All this having been duly attended to, by the prelates who were rejected from their sees at the revolution, and by those whom they and their successors promoted to the order of bishops, it is evident that every thing has been done, which could be deemed necessary for preserving a regular episcopal succession in Scotland."—Skinner's Primitive Truth, and Order Vindicated.

to be raised, and that as speedily as possible, above the imputation of being *a fine body*---" [a good body] (He might have added, *a poor body*, and *a poor creature*, expressions of affected compassion, but of real contempt, often applied to humble merit by pride and profligacy;)---" that they would add importance to his worth, and give splendour and efficacy to those exertions which have for their object the most exalted interests of the species."

Though the motion with which the eloquent author concluded his speech was, as he informs us, neither seconded nor pressed to a division, from an apprehension, we understand, that any remonstrance on the subject might be construed as an expression of discontent and insatiable avarice, and might meet with opposition from the landed interest, the clearness of his views, and the force of his arguments, are universally allowed; and, though some may question the prudence of the measure, none dispute the principle. It is generally understood, however, that the condition of the Scotch clergy is better than it was at any former period, since the establishment of presbytery; and it is but doing them justice to say, that, compared with their early and less enlightened predecessors, they are not only *fine bodies*, but *fine gentlemen*. But when Mr. C. talks of *restoring* and *upholding the splendour* of the present ecclesiastical establishment, and of *opening up an easier and a broader avenue to the independence of its members*, he seems to discover an ambition, which, however laudable, cannot be gratified under the Presbyterian form of church polity. The Kirk holds out few honours, as incitements to the exertion of superior talents, or as the rewards of distinguished merit and ability. As the most likely way to *restore the splendour* of the church, Mr. C. should at once have moved, that the general assembly should petition the legislature to restore episcopacy, the only ecclesiastical establishment, to which the term can, with any propriety apply;---that *splendid* establishment, so well calculated to command the respect of mankind, but which their forefathers, in their zeal for primitive simplicity, or more correctly speaking, in the pride of Presbyterian parity, which could not brook a superior, incited a rude and turbulent populace to overturn.

Letters from Portugal and Spain, written during the march of the British Troops under Sir John Moore. With a Map of the Route, [Plan of the Battle of Corunna] and six appropriate Engravings. By an Officer, pp. 334, 8vo. 9s. Longman and Co. 1809.

Operations of the British Army in Spain; involving broad Hints to the Commissariat, and Board of Transports; with Anecdotes Illustrative of the Spanish Character. By an Officer of the Staff, pp. 88, 8vo. 3s. Sherwood and Co. 1809.

The pompous pretentions of a small pamphlet, purporting to contain the "operations of the British army in Spain. By an *officer* of the *staff*," leave such strong impressions of quackery, that even truth would be suspicious if enveloped with such a garb. Out of 88 pages, 16 are extracts from gazettes, and 16 prefatory matter wholly unconnected with the army in Spain, so that only 48 remain, and even several of these contain newspaper reports, to treat of military operations, and "anecdotes illustrative of the Spanish character," which are merely a tissue of senseless calumnies, vilifying the whole Spanish nation. The "prefatory ideas," are entirely devoted to the late investigation, and evince talents which we should wish to see applied to a more noble purpose than that of manufacturing pamphlets to depreciate a nation, of which the writer is most profoundly ignorant.

In the "Letters" which amount to 24, we recognize the ingenious pictorial traveller, whom we lately accompanied through Russia and Sweden, and we are pleased to find that his southern military excursion has very considerably diminished his affectation, and restored him to English good sense. These "Letters from Portugal and Spain," indeed, unlike the staff officer's "Operations" bear internal evidence of the writer's having visited the countries which he describes; and if he did not actually write them, he must at least, have made notes on the spot, whence they are respectively dated. The short preface states that "they were written on the spot, and immediately as the events arose, of which they are the subjects. Hence the remarks [which] they contain are totally independent of being influenced by after consequences. As such they are offered to the public, a simple and authentic account of the disasters and blasted hopes of one of the finest armies that ever left the British shore. It is narrated by a man who pretends to no better style than that learnt in camps: as a soldier he felt, as a soldier he writes; and to a soldier who bled in the fields of Spain, he hopes his readers will grant indulgence." This declaration is dated "London, May 1809," and relying on its truth we shall proceed to examine the knight's "letters."

The first letter is from Lisbon on the 30th of September; and after announcing the astonishment, and disappointment of our allies at the infamous and ruinous convention of Cintra,

describes, with much less accuracy than we should have expected from Sir R. K. Porter, the external features and pictorial character of the harbour and city of Lisbon, or what he is pleased to call "an image of this capital." Here, as might be expected, "filth and vermin," assailed our author, and his pericranium, wherever he goes, seems to be as deeply affected with this malady as poor Gil Blas's was with the fear of Captain Rolando. Several hundred times did he introduce this disgusting subject in his 4to. volumes on Russia and Sweden, and even in this modest 8vo. we find the same thing discussed on almost every occasion. Our knight-errant indeed, appears to have waged an eternal war against "filth and vermin," and to be determined to hunt them out in every country. We certainly can have no objection to his engaging in this Herculean labour, but if he is determined to make the public in future sharers in his adventures, we trust, for the sake of common decency, that he will commit that part of them to the wind and waves, and not to paper. Neither could we help blushing for the honor of a "British soldier," at hearing this man-milliner jargon of affected delicacy so often repeated by an adventurous son of Mars. Lisbon, however, is unquestionably one of the most fertile places in Europe for this kind of adventures; and after clearing that capital, we would recommend him next to visit Montpellier and Marseilles. The "auld rekie" custom of throwing all kinds of dirty water from the upper windows into the streets of Lisbon is, indeed, extremely disagreeable; but Sir Robert, (for we presume he has now *won his spurs*, and been sanctioned by his sovereign) is misinformed when he says, that the French, when in the Portuguese capital, attempted to remedy it. The fact is, that so long ago as the beginning of 1803, the government published an edict prohibiting entirely the throwing of water out of any upper windows, and ordering it to be carried down and poured on the street. The people murmured bitterly at this rigorous but necessary measure, and after a few days the weak government revoked the edict, and limited the time of throwing water till after 11 o'clock at night, and ordering none to be thrown without previously calling out three times *agoa vai* (water is going). Such is the tardy advance of the people of Lisbon to decency and cleanliness.

In relating an account of the attack made by the inhabitants of Lisbon on General Kellerman, the author appears to confound him with the modern marshal of the same name. This soldier, worthy of his plundering master, has just reversed the ancient principles of a warrior; with him it is the *prey* and

not *the g'ory*, which leads to heroic deeds, as he is the slave of the most insatiable avarice.

" When the town of Elvas (says our author) was taken and sacked by his brethren in arms, this Kellerman was heard to express his regret at not commanding the exploit, adding, ' next to Lisbon, it was the place best worth plundering!' The issue shewed that he must have had much experience in the ravaging trade to have been so good a judge. The accumulation of property drawn from that unhappy city not only filled all the extra apartments in the hotels occupied by this horde of destroyers, but the house of the British factory was fated to be the receptacle of stolen goods: plate, books, indigo, cotton, every thing that was moveable, was crammed up in this perverted dwelling."

The poor Portuguese manifested sufficient joy and gratitude for the deliverance from French tyranny and oppression, of which " every street in Lisbon exhibits some sad memento. No pen (observes Sir R.) can describe the delight of these oppressed people on finding themselves released from so insatiable an enemy as the French. In proportion as they saw occasions to appreciate their deliverance, their hatred of the invaders augmented, and no bounds could be put to their threats of revenge." During the kingship of Junot, the " only splendour in the city was in his suite, as the inhabitants were too heart-broken, and wary of awakening the rapacity of their invaders, to shew even an embroidered coat," to which they are immoderately attached. Yet no spirit of resistance would ever have been roused in Portugal; on the contrary, the lazy people had resigned themselves to their fate, and not a few of the nobles were base enough " to become chains in the hands of the conqueror to enslave their country."

Sir Robert has presented his readers with a view of the " field of battle at Vimeira," on which he has delineated the two windmills, but we think that he has reversed the position of the sails, and that the broad and not the narrow end of the sail is next to the axle of the arms. We wish Sir R. had also taken sketches of the famous aqueduct at Alcantara, and of the convent and gardens at Benefica, or of the almost English residence and picturesque village of Ouelus, between Lisbon and Cintra. We cannot, however, compliment him on the accuracy of his observations, particularly when he says that the citadel is the best (because the highest) point for viewing this city, and regrets that " no large or towering edifice here strikes the eye to break the disagreeable *monotony* of the undulating line of Lisbon!" The citadel, or fort St. George, indeed, is so far elevated above all other parts of the town, that the smaller

hills on which it is built appear level beneath; but if our author had viewed the city either from on board a vessel in the river, or from the aqueduct near Bemposta, he certainly would not have complained of a monotonous undulating line; or had he surveyed it from Buenos Ayres, the Queen's chapel, Convent of Jesus, St. Roque, or many other parts, and observed the indefinitely diversified outline between the Patriarchal chapel, and fort St. George, he most undoubtedly never saw in any country the outline of a city presenting such variety; a city seated on at least six or seven considerably steep hills, besides numerous smaller elevations, so varied that only in the *Praça do Commercio*, and the *Rocio* can you see two houses on a level. Such an erroneous observation, if not made in a moment of lassitude, would greatly detract from our author's skill either as a painter or military engineer. One of Buonaparte's principal merits consists in what mechanics would call the accuracy of his eye, in other words, the promptitude and justness with which he can ascertain distances, and take levels. It is a quality, particularly when acting in hilly countries, of infinite importance to a commanding officer.

We have much less to object to Sir Robert's view of the moral character of the inhabitants of Lisbon. The *Galegos* (Galicains born and educated in Galicia, and not in Lisbon) are almost the only honest, and industrious persons to be found among the lower classes of the people, whose characteristics, it is too truly remarked, "appear to be haughtiness, envy, and revenge; qualities which seldom fail to bring forth the monster cruelty." The portrait of the lower classes of women is happily sketched.

"They display a surprising taste in their dress; wearing a wrapping mantle with sleeves which hang down from their shoulders. It is generally of red cloth, bound and ornamented with black velvet, cut with much ingenuity. Their mode of infolding themselves in this habit is very graceful, and attracts much attention, as the whole form of the figure is seen, finished by a neat foot and ankle. These extremities of their persons are very pretty, and adorned with the nicest care: when the filth of the street is considered, one is amazed at the universal cleanliness with which this national mark of female pride is preserved. Their heads are enveloped in a white handkerchief, out of which peeps an interesting, though sallow countenance, with a pair of fine dark eyes. Such is the *tout ensemble* of a Lisbon beauty.

"The higher orders, by a strange contradiction, though, perhaps, possessing an equally fine foot and ankle with their humbler sisters, pay very little attention to this part of their persons; and, in fact, the fashion of their dress throughout is inferior to the elegant simplicity

of the fair plebeian. I say elegant in form; I do not mean always in state or materials, as they are often, as you will remember I have before hinted, both ragged, coarse, and dirty; all abandoned to the national infirmity, but the pretty foot and leg.

"There is a middle class which array themselves in black lace veils and cloaks. These females have a neat appearance; and are generally followed by an old woman, a sort of duenna, who keeps a respectful distance from her fair charge."

Of their religion, the author very truly observes.

As to the sincerity of their devotion, I fear it is not very great. The observations I made while at church seemed to tell me that the fair worshippers came to pay a very different homage from that of the temple. Indeed, I cannot wonder that they should forget to whom the sacred building is dedicated, when they turn about and look at its furniture. Imagine a mob of strangely-attired figures to represent saints; and Virgin Marys, dressed in gothic habits, stiff sacks, and fine brocaded petticoats, gazing at you with bedaubed faces; and lighted up on all sides with long and glimmering candles. These, with a hundred objects, present themselves, which call forth any ideas, but those of religious awe and respect."

With our knight of the Amaranth's censure of the Portuguese dances and songs we perfectly concur; they are beyond credibility infamous and depraving. In justice, however, to the nobles, we must say we never saw the *fandango* performed in their private balls. But very salacious songs are sung almost every where, and all those who are lovers of natural and simple melody, unaccompanied by those efforts of art, which rather astonish than interest, will prefer the singing of the Portuguese to that of the Italians, or the Germans, for the French and Spaniards are comparatively destitute of musical voices. As to the licentiousness of the women, it is in vain to declaim against it, where the men are worse than brutes. Our author's hasty excursion to Cintra rendered him unable to give any description of it, or see half its beauties. We regret this the less that his description of Lisbon is shamefully negligent and inaccurate. He tells us in half-French, half-Portuguese, that the "*Place de Commercio* (meaning, we suppose, the *Praça do Commercio* or Commerce-square) was, or rather is, an absolute vanity fair: silver and gold worked into the most fantastic shapes, and interwoven with the precious gems of the Brazils, attract your eyes as nouvelle ornaments, crosses, chains, rings and bracelets. We purchase them in loads, to send home to our fair friends; and the Portuguese complimenting us on our taste, &c. say, 'they never before saw their shops so full of jewellery;' none, indeed, was ventured into sight during the presence

of the French; so powerful is the talisman of safety and honour." Here the author mistakes the situation of these shops, not one of which is in Commerce-square, but confined to the *rua da prata* (silver-street) and other parallel streets which lead from this square to the *Rocio*, or Inquisition-square. This was the plan of the Marquis of Pombal, who, in rebuilding Lisbon, had all the shops of the same trade, collected to the same street; a very convenient and economical plan for such a widely-dispersed and hilly city. We should be happy could we as pointedly controvert Sir R.'s observations on the cowardice of the Portuguese, and the infamous purposes to which the churches are daily appropriated for giving "tender rendezvous;" but we, perhaps, know them better, and think even worse of them than our author. "Did we see, it is justly observed, such sacrilegious use of our churches---did we see the hearts of our virgins polluted, even in the temples of holiness, how would we execrate the idle pomps which, by addressing the senses alone, left the soul unoccupied, a prey to every idle intruder!"

Leaving Lisbon for Spain, Sir R. admired the beauties of the country to *Villa Franca*, whose inhabitants, as well as those of Cartaxo, behaved to the English with the utmost hospitality and gratitude. At the latter place the rainy weather began, and thus the only avowed object for which the Cintra Convention was made, was rendered null by the subsequent delay in setting out for Spain, and the army was exposed to incessant rains, and the risk of crossing rivers, or rather torrents, then become impassable by the floods. At Abrantes the people gave them a very cold reception, and their ignorance induces the writer to conclude most erroneously, that if "the Irish peasantry were educated, popery would gradually disappear." The Tubuccians, it appears, have become traitorously attached to their mushroom duke. The "vale of Tancos," near Abrantes, on the banks of the Tagus, furnishes an admirable subject for Sir Robert's pencil. At Villa de Rey our soldiers were hospitably received, but at Castello Branco, the people were somewhat insolent. After passing a fine bridge, the appearance of the people on this route became more pleasing, and the women fairer and handsomer as they approached the Spanish frontier, the same as on the road by Elvas. Many of our soldiers, and among others, the patriotic author of these letters seem to have had most romantic notions of the Spanish patriots, and supposed them a nation of Quixotic crusaders.

"I must confess (says Sir R.) that my heart beats high at the prospect of so soon being introduced to those brave sons of liberty, on

whose countenances I expect to see the blaze of enthusiasm; and from whose energetic examples will shoot that chivalric fire so much needed to inflame the OBSTINATE COOLNESS of some of OUR *too straight forward heroes*. I do not mean too direct in the field, but too wedded to common-place modes. They understand not the glorious impulse which arms the undisciplined peasant; and makes him, though not a soldier, a dauntless champion of his country's rights.

The expression "needed to inflame the *obstinate* coolness," pretty clearly describes the real feelings of some commanders in this unfortunate and misguided campaign. On the other hand, Sir R. and perhaps these same men of "obstinate coolness," expected from the Spaniards what was totally impossible, namely, that, regardless of their families, and of the means of subsistence, they should all repair to the field of battle without either arms, clothes, or money to purchase food! We are surprized, indeed, that men are not ashamed of entertaining such absurd notions, and still more that they, with the most unparralleled ignorance and folly, should abuse the Spanish nation because it did not at once plunge itself into irremediable and inevitable destruction, by hunger and cold! The expression levy-en-masse has of late become so familiar that many unreflecting persons only conceive an idea of the whole people marching in a body against the enemy, without ever considering that a great number will necessarily be required to prepare arms for such multitudes, that many more will be occupied in preparing food and clothes for those who are thus rendered useless for every purpose, except fighting; and that, as it is impossible even for this mass to expel a powerful enemy out of a very extensive territory in three months, it is not less necessary that a certain proportion of the population, be left to cultivate the land, and prevent the occurrence of a general famine. In like manner had the Spaniards given *all* their bread away gratuitously to our troops, what must they have fed on afterwards themselves? If men would only recollect the precept to do as they would be done by, they would be ashamed of their groundless accusations against the Spanish people. The English and every other people would have acted precisely as the Spanish have done under similar circumstances. Friendship requires us to divide our provender, but certainly not to give it *all* away, as the silly or knavish calumniators of the Spaniards seem to think.

The author, sure to interest at least with his pencil, has given a very good view of "Trajan's bridge over the Tagus at Alcantara." This beautiful monument of Roman skill, consists of six arches, and is above 600 feet long, about 29 broad,

and 200 high. In the centre of the bridge a kind of triumphal arch is raised; the bridge connects two mountains on each side of the river; that on the Spanish side is surmounted with the large town of Alcantara, where our troops were very coldly received, and badly entertained, owing to the paucity of "absolute necessaries." The people, however, are justly acknowledged to "have an air of intelligence and candour not generally possessed by their Lusitanian neighbours." That they have done all in their power for the defence of their country, will be evident from the following description:

"On our route thither, (to Alcantara,) we met an officer and two patriotic dragoons, armed with long rusty swords, a solitary pistol, and, I believe, a carbine. Their rags and wretchedness peeping from under their thread bare mantles; and their uncouth manœuvres, added to a sort of savage consequence arrogated by them on the cause of their becoming soldiers, gave them more the air of banditti, than that of saviours of the state. Their horses were yet worse appointed, and seemed more unserviceable."

This striking example both of the poverty and resolution of the Spaniards should have ever after silenced all censures on them for want of patriotism, when they, notwithstanding all these disabilities, and want of "absolute necessaries," could turn out against the enemy half-armed and half-clothed as they were. How absurdly do men speak, when they vilify the Spanish character merely because the people are miserably poor, naked, and unsupplied with implements of war! But, where are there more contemptible and misshapen wretches in the world, than the greater part of the French soldiery? Yet Sir R, Sir John Moore, nor any other of the contemners of Spanish patriotism, will not treat the French with the same contempt. The hospitality, however, of the smuggling villagers of Ceclavin, and the citizens of the delightful Plasencia, reconciled our author to Spain, and he there found "clean and excellent beds," a luxury which a soldier should be ashamed to mention. The "villagers exhibited every appearance of comfort both in their habitations and themselves; neither rags nor wretchedness were to be encountered here. All the rotundity of content, with the bloom of hilarity, marked not only the visages of the women, but of the men also." They "exclaimed enthusiastically against the French and their emperor, and with equal ardour expressed their gratitude and friendship for England. And if physiognomy is to be believed, certainly we ought not to doubt the sincerity of this people; for, not only their aptness and activity, but their openness and vast supe-

riority of mind over the Portuguese, give them ample claims for credit." That the Spaniards are not altogether unworthy of our liberality to them, will appear even from the testimony of our author.

"Every league we advanced, after we left Alcantara, a vehement spirit of patriotism was professed by every one. That ancient stumbling block of prejudice, the difference of religion, seemed totally buried; and the burning hatred which the Spaniard heretofore used to cherish against the heretics of Britain, was completely forgotten. Nothing was spoken of but the eternal amity which, from this period, is to subsist between the two nations: and even some went so far as to hope that such an honourable friendship may hereafter be sealed by an alliance between one of our royal females and their Ferdinand the Seventh. I had frequent opportunities of conversing on this and the like subjects with many of the best informed natives, a considerable number of whom were of the priesthood; and they one and all said, that the days of prejudice were past; that our conduct as a nation had proved more in favour of our creed, than a thousand volumes written to demonstrate its agreement with the gospel. 'And (continued they) if we need an additional argument to convince us in your behalf, have we not seen a nation of the same persuasion as ourselves, robbing, plundering, and depriving their brethren of their liberties; insulting the hallowed edifices they had solemnly sworn to venerate; and further, to make a climax to their barbarous crimes, have they not added sacrilege to their desolation? How then shall we estimate the true religion of a people but by their actions? You are our protectors and friends; and, therefore, as the wounded Israelite said to the good Samaritan, we regard you as our neighbours and our brethren.'"

The nobility and citizens of Plasencia were emulous to manifest their attention and respect to the English, and the author found there persons who spoke French, (as, unfortunately for him, he could not speak Spanish) "men of erudition and knowledge of mankind." The good bishop done every thing in his power to make them comfortable, expressed his gratitude to England, and hoped that they "would think his the voice of the Junta of that province." The monks were equally civil, and intelligent; but the author was surprized to see a Foundling hospital in such a town. On expressing his astonishment, his learned *canonigo* (canon) observed, smiling, "what are those to do who dare not marry?" A sufficient satire on the absurdity of celibacy. At Aldea Nueva our thin-clad soldiers began to feel the attacks of the winter atmosphere. The cold, indeed, seems to have generated spleen, as we find the author uttering most illiberal and unjustifiable insinuations respecting the licentiousness of the people in the villages of Fuente Olio and San Pedro. No traveller, and least of all a military one,

spending only one night among people, with whose language he is wholly unacquainted, should ever suffer himself to give an opinion of the women's virtue; still less should he construe their rustic simplicity and eagerness to manifest their gratitude to foreigners, as indubitable proofs of immodest and corrupt hearts. To insinuate that any clergyman would voluntarily permit his nieces to "share their beds" with soldiers on their march, is too shocking to humanity not to reflect infamy and disgrace on the recreant author of it.

With the description of Salamanca we are as little satisfied; and it appears as if Sir **R.** had left all his vivacity in Moscow. Respecting the disgraceful loss of time in Salamanca, the author conjectures that it was owing to some indecision among the leading patriotic Spaniards themselves, and remarks, "why this march [into Spain] was so *long deferred*, you best know at home; but I sincerely hope that the *time* we have passed at Lisbon *since* the Cintra convention, may not be hereafter *wished for* here!" He then proceeds to enumerate the Spanish forces under Generals Romana, Blake, Castanos, Galluzo, Cuesta, Damas, Palafox, and Reding, amounting to more than 141,000 men, which, with 40,000 English, would have formed an army of nearly 200,000 effective troops, while those of the enemy very little exceeded 60,000! Sir R. suspects treachery or ambitious combats for individual power among the members of the Supreme Junta, but never dreams of any misconduct on our part. This, however, we shall have occasion to explain at greater length when noticing the admirable "Observations on the movements of the British army in Spain, in reply to Brigadier General Clinton," in which we find all our own opinions of them fully confirmed.

From the author's criticisms on the paintings which he examined in Salamanca, we should seldom dissent; but as our venturous knight will most probably visit other countries, and also favour the public with a journal of his adventures, we must hope that he will learn a little more discretion, and not give an opinion of things which he does not understand, and of which he is totally ignorant. Thus he observes, "my first taste [in Salamanca] of Spanish society, (for the honest folk who entertained us on our march are not to be honoured with so high a title!)I really found so *stupid*, so devoid of female *graces*, on the part of the ladies, and of *rational* converse on the side of the men, that I have no wish to make a second attempt." (p. 52.) In Spain, but a small number of men speak French, and few or no women; Sir Robert could speak no Spanish; under these circumstances of such a pantomimic meeting, what

respect is due to the author's abuse of Spanish society? In Salamanca there are, or were, many men and women of talents and learning, poets, historians, philologists and philosophers, and even wits too, so much superior to the author, that, had he expressed himself with somewhat more diffidence, we should have been less sensible of their superiority. A city which is honoured by a Melendez, Iglesias, Gonzalez, Count del Montijo, Carreri, &c. is not to be reproached with impunity for containing nothing but "stupid" and irrational persons. Sir R. estimates the character and absurd rites of popery much better; and his pointed censure of the Virgin Mary, placed like the cross over the crescent at Moscow, on a very large half-moon, and called *queen of heaven*, would be much more forcible, had not Islamism once prevailed in Spain as well as in Russia, and that this emblem might also be figurative of the triumph of popish Christianity, or rather of *Mariaism*. We agree with the author, that the figure of a man on a crucifix with a large petticoat, is irresistibly laughable, as well as in churches, the *ex votos*, or waxen legs, arms, hands, &c. some of which a French commander converted into tapers to light up his drawing-rooms. The anecdote of an English captain having carried the standard of St. Dominic round the convent during a procession, is highly honourable to his good sense, in thus accepting an office of great confidence, on the part of the friars to a heretic. Here the author compliments the nuns of St. Clara for their general appearance, although he does not hesitate to assert, that those in the convents on the frontiers of Portugal, (Abrantes and Plasencia) yielded themselves most willingly to the English officers. Even were it a fact, which we do not believe, it is villanous to tell it, and may be attended with very serious consequences to some of our soldiers now in that country. That a "Knight of the Amaranth, an *ordre de galanterie*," should descend to relate such tales, appears to us almost incredible; but the age of chivalry is past, and it is not succeeded solely by a noble love of virtue, "or the strong antipathy of good to bad," but by an attachment to petty tea-table scandal, which is not merely directed against the Spanish, but also a grossly-abused Englishwoman, (p. 213.) If the author has any regard for public decency, he will cancel the pages alluded to as odiously disgraceful to *English* literature. The writer discovers a predilection to shew his slight knowledge of the French language; we fear he has also imbibed a taste for their manners, as he speaks of the Spanish women in very similar terms to those used by several Frenchmen when characterizing the English women after visiting this country during the

late truce. It is difficult to say whether such opinions are most contemptible for their impotent falsehood, their unmanliness, or their silly vanity. We are happy, however, in being able to say that there is truth and good sense in the following politico-military remarks.

"That there lately was an ardent spirit of resistance throughout the provinces of Spain has been proved by its effects; and that [why] it has now subsided, we cannot any otherways account than by supposing that the present directors were inimical to its ardour. No permanent advantage was taken of the first successes against the common enemy; no favourable positions were taken up in a country formed by nature for self-defence; no decisive measures were adopted to preserve the awakened flame of patriotism pure and burning. In some parts of the country it was left to languish unnoticed; in others it was damped by the jealousies of the leading men; and at last, where it has appeared in the field, it is likely to be extinguished by the overpowering energy of the French. They act while the Spaniards deliberate, and the nation will be lost before the supreme council has settled whether its armies are to march to the right or to the left! Indeed I am certain, from what I see of the people, and hear of their directors, that nothing honourable to the country will be done while a central junta exists. There appears to be as many interests in that large body as there are members:—hence no chief military command is likely to be appointed. All are on the gape in expectation of its acts; and expecting that every thing is to be effected by the wisdom of the junta, individuals forget the vigour that lies in every single arm; they forget that in these cases the voice of the people is the voice of God; that an armed nation rushing at once upon their oppressors, carry with them the sword of Omnipotence."

"Should Spain fall under the yoke of France, it will not have been to the supineness of the people that she owes her slavery; but to the rulers, to whose guidance those very people entrusted themselves, and on whose wisdom they relied Unhappy nation! as a free man and as an ally, I mourn your approaching fate; and while I respect the gallant peasantry of your mountains as men worthy of their cause, I execrate from my soul the wretches in power who barter your liberties and their own for victory in a debate; a little temporary influence; or, finally, for the gold of their enemies!"

Anticipating the want of provisions in a country so "scanty of subsistence," Sir R. animadverts on the scandalous delays and negligence in securing proper supplies for the troops.

"Preparations (says he, in Salamanca) are now made for head quarters to be put in motion; and when we march out, which Sir John Moore proposes to do on the 13th of this month, we shall have just past one month in this city, having entered it on the 13th of November! a stay that we all lament as lost time; and, calculating

the weeks irretrievably wasted here, with the many we lingered out in Portugal after the convention of Cintra, we cannot but exclaim in bitterness of soul, " Had the decision for our advance been earlier made, the first snows of winter would have found us at the feet of the Pyrenees; and probably the rear of our army would have possessed itself of Vitoria on the 4th of November, instead of that of Buonaparte!"

Sir R.'s recommendation of prohibiting women to follow an army, and also of substituting French helmets for the fantastic and useless caps now worn by our dragoons, deserves the attention of the higher authorities. The anecdote of the officer, one of Buonaparte's legion of honour, whose portmanteau, when examined after his being taken prisoner, contained numerous articles of silver, such as handles of knives and forks, basons or ewers pressed flat, &c. displays the mean, pilfering, propensity of these base-born adventurers. The author visited the scene of action at Sahagun, and found among the naked unburied bodies, that of a female, for whose presence in such a place he could not account, unless she were impelled by love, either of a soldier, or of military glory. He reflects on " the Spaniards for inhumanity in suffering those dead bodies to remain above ground;" but he seems not to know the Spanish law, which denies Christian burial to all persons who have not a crucifix or picture of the Virgin Mary about them when found dead. Without such insignia it is conceived that they are not Christians, and, therefore, not only unworthy of church rites, but even of interment. The incursions of the Moors in Spain gave existence to this law, which is less absurd than may at first appear. At this place, also, the author, although he had repeatedly avowed his ignorance of the Portuguese and Spanish languages, relates an argument held in a convent between three nuns and the wife of a Portuguese muleteer, in which the latter is represented as condemning the state of celibacy, recommending the precept to " increase and multiply," reproaching the nuns with incontinency, and praising the charity exercised by the heretics as greater than that of the religious. Whoever knows the difficulty to a foreigner of fully comprehending the volubility of women speaking their own language, and on such a topic, will most probably doubt, that, in a short period, the author could not have become so familiar with those two languages as to perfectly understand their conversation. He is more accurate when he describes the dispiriting effect on our soldiers of the orders to retreat. From this time forward the army became regardless, and wreaked their vengeance on every thing that came in their way. The beautiful and romantic castle of Benevente, full of ancient armour, gilded halls and

columns, and the most exquisite works of ancient art, was destroyed. The devastations of the British soldiers have stigmatized them for years to come.

" Alas, poor Beneventè! (justly exclaims the author,) how soon wast thou robbed of all thy proud array! how soon were thy regal halls reduced to the ruin which is ever the marks of a retreating army!

" That such devastation is highly blame-worthy is true; and the officers literally lamented it in dust and ashes; for there was sufficient of both spread over the desolated castle: but to prevent it was beyond their power. When almost every man is of one mind, nothing less than a miracle can compel them to obey perhaps two or three individuals who command in a direction opposite to the general will. Much as we must abhor this destroying propensity, a palliation, though no apology, may be offered for the manner in which our troops treated the unoffending furniture of Beneventè—*The offence then taken against the Spaniards;*—a sense of having been allured into the country by false promises of support—of having been betrayed into disadvantageous positions—of having been abandoned to the enemy, and forced by such desertion to relinquish a victory, and retreat where they expected to conquer: all these things excited an indignation in their breasts which, perhaps, luckily for the people we were amongst, wreaked itself on their chairs and tables instead of on their heads."

" Every object which presented itself on the roads and in the villages, were so many proofs of the terrors of war, and of the devastation that surrounded us. *Famishing peasantry fled by us with gaunt and horrid looks;* while, as we marched along, *we passed their kindred of all ages, dying* and *dead, without power to relieve them,* or to rescue our own followers from a similar fate."

" The army in no respect seemed the remains of the same we had brought from Portugal. Its appearance, its discipline, were gone. You could not suppose that the officers it was before so ready to obey, commanded it now; all deference to their orders was lost; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could deter the men from not only pillaging, but committing every excess which is hardly excusable in an enemy. Even with all our exertions, we saw villages and houses burning in all directions; some put in that condition by negligence, but many, I must say, by the wantonness of our refractory men. The poor cottagers were plundered; and multitudes of homeless, destitute people were continually hastening to the officers as they came up, imploring them for a redress which was out of their power to bestow. Alas! our pity and regret were all we had to offer; and they retired in an anguish, the recollection of which even now wrings my soul. But it is not compassion alone which excites what is now passing in my breast; it is shame for dishonoured England—dishonoured by the indignant despair of her troops, even while her own faithful hand was opened to abundantly succour the nation in which we suffered. It is true, we have been deceived, abandoned in Spain;

but the treachery or weakness of others should be no lesson to teach us base retaliation. Every officer with the army feels in this respect as I do; and are more grieved at such misconduct in our troops than by all their other misfortunes.

" So great was the terror their violence created, these firings of houses, these plunderings of property, that we even spread a desert before us. As soon as the peasantry heard of our approach they fled; and often on our arrival in a place we found it deserted. The road leading to the town, (Villa Franca) whence I now address you, was covered with these unhappy fugitives, both male and female of every age."

Among the most extraordinary facts here detailed, is that which states the famine suffered by our troops to be almost entirely occasioned by their turbulent and disorderly conduct, in wasting more than they used of the rations destined for them, and which they often destroyed in the act of seizing them, instead of waiting to be served in rotation. For this culpable negligence their officers are certainly reprehensible in not establishing an order of distribution. It appears, that the men in their turbulent vehemence to be served, often insulted the natives, frightened them away, and spilled the wine which was about to be measured out to them. Another fact demands investigation. Sir R. says " as the greater part of these invaluable animals (horses) were lost by a *want* of *active* military *experience* on our part, I hope that our cavalry officers, having received so severe a lesson in their late campaign, will in future guard against similar errors." p. 317. This is a very important wish, which should not be neglected; but unless the matter is seriously investigated, as well as the improvement in the dragoon's helmet, we fear that they will pass over unregarded. Having occupied the attention of our reader so long with these interesting letters, we have to regret that they were not written in a spirit somewhat less hostile to the Spanish character, otherwise the author's moral and political principles are highly praiseworthy and just. Still, however, his sentiments are much more candid than those in the contemptible fabricated pamphlet noticed at the commencement of this article.

An Attempt to prove the Truth of Christianity from the wisdom displayed in its original establishment, and from the history of false and corrupted systems of religion; in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1808, *at the Lecture founded by the late Rev. J. Bampton, M. A. Canon of*

Salisbury. By John Penrose, M. A. of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. pp. 375. 8vo. Cooke and Parker. 1808.

This is the work of no common artist. It is highly finished, and gracefully polished; but it is not without its faults. However fine the performance may at first sight appear, we do not think that its parts are well proportioned: and there are other imperfections, which we shall point out as we inspect it more narrowly.

To drop, however, the figure.—Perhaps, since the days of White, whose admirable discourses have given celebrity to the Bampton-Lecture, no sermons have been produced to equal those before us in eloquence. The author, unquestionably, possesses a command of language, which, brought hereafter to a more auspicious subject than that to which our attention is now called, must, we are sure, establish his literary reputation.

In the present "Attempt" there are defects; such, indeed, as might naturally be expected from a young writer, in whom fancy predominates over judgment.

We cannot conceive, that the distinction drawn by Mr. Penrose between wisdom and craft, supplies an accurate criterion by which the truth of Christianity may be determined. Besides, the author is by no means clear in his definition of wisdom and craft, and less so in his illustrations of them. We should judge, that, in discriminating the one from the other, he would naturally oppose human wisdom to human craft or cunning; but he confounds human wisdom with "that wisdom which is from above." When he spoke of "the superior penetration of Christ, which he could not have possessed if he had not been enlightened by more than human knowledge;" to this position he should have steadily adhered; contrasting that penetration with the short-sighted policy of man, and the divine system of Christianity with Jesuitical imposture. Not to insist, however, on this objection, we are fearful that our ingenious author's very elaborate history of the Jesuits, may have rendered the work heavy and disproportioned. Were the sixth, seventh, and eighth discourses expunged from the volume, enough of the Jesuits, to answer the writer's purpose, might be introduced into the fifth, and the performance would be more compact and uniform.

The first sermon presents us with definitions; and exhibits a prospective view of the plan of the Lectures. We shall extract a passage at p. 18.

"There may be discovered in the original records, and in the early history of Christianity, the marks of a most wise and penetrating

insight into the human heart, and into the modes of conciliating a zealous and *permanent adherence*. The *pure* notions of the deity which were taught by Christ, were highly necessary to *procure* a *permanent* and *lasting* reception of his doctrine among men of cultivated minds. The doctrine of a future state of retribution forms almost a necessary part of every system of popular and profane theology. It was prudent, but at the same time it was extremely natural, for the author of Christianity, to introduce it into his own. His wisdom is obvious, not so much in the introduction of the doctrine, as in the simplicity with which it is represented. A *more ignorant* or *short-sighted* impostor would, it is probable, not only have borrowed the opinions, but have adorned them, also, with the superstitions of mythology."

We must here stop, to ask our author, whether he himself does not perceive some little inadvertency in this mode of expression?—" A *more ignorant* impostor," seems to imply, that our Saviour was an impostor, though not so ignorant, &c. &c. But to proceed. " He would have delighted to enumerate, in detail, the pleasures of his visionary Elysium, or would have aggravated the horrors of his Tartarus, with the wheel of Ixion, or the rock of Sisyphus. Christ, however, *seems to have foreseen*—" [Does Mr. Penrose here speak of Christ as man or as God? If as a man, he refers us only to his human wisdom, and ranks him only just above other human fabricators of religions. If as God, the language of the author is, at least, inappropriate. It is very similar to that adopted by Deists and Infidels.] " Christ seems to have foreseen, that the grossness of such fabulous representations would not long be able to resist the acuteness of sceptical criticism; and he judged wisely in expressly announcing the existence, but in leaving the particular circumstances and condition of a future state to continue in their natural obscurity." From the second sermon, we shall quote a passage where the author has expressed his sentiments more clearly.

" Had Christ then been an impostor, though possessed of the acutest penetration, and the most extensive knowledge, he could not have collected, from the experience of the Gentile world, even the possibility of success, in the attempt to promulgate a religion, which pretended to exclusive truth, while it conformed not to existing prejudices. Neither philosophers nor legislators had yet engaged in so arduous a task. There was another enterprize, indeed, and of a brilliancy far more splendid and flattering, in which the history of past events might have suggested to him the means, and encouraged the anticipations of success. Those persons who recollect the proneness of the Gentile converts to deify the apostles, and the readiness with which new worship was adopted, in addition to the antient superstí-

tions, both in Italy and Greece, will possibly think, that to a deceiver so designing, and yet so patient, so really artful, and yet so apparently ingenuous, it was far from being impossible to acquire the reputation of an inspired law-giver, or to become the object of divine worship. The new deity who arose in Palestine might aspire to the same honours which were rendered to the Delian Apollo, or to Thracian Mars, or might assume a station in the Roman capitol, beside the temple of Feretrian Jupiter. Such a career of glory would, probably, have appeared sufficiently splendid to an impostor. It was all that the boldest and the most fortunate of men had been able to obtain, even in the dark ignorance of former ages; and there existed nothing in the records of history, from which the idea of pursuing a different system could possibly be collected. The observance of this system pre-supposes an acquiescence in the received idolatries of the Gentile world. The religious toleration, which was admitted by Polytheists, and which has been so much exaggerated by unbelievers in Christianity, existed only because it was perfectly compatible with the polytheistic principle, and, indeed, its natural and necessary consequence. If Christ had been an impostor desirous to become the object of idolatry, he would not have inculcated the impiety of idol worship." pp. 43, 44.

We think the third and fourth sermons well written. The respective natures of Judaism and Christianity are marked with precision; and so is the distinction between real Christianity and the papal corruptions. Of the historical detail that follows, we have already spoken. The splendid passages that here and there occur, are certainly not sufficient to illuminate the mass of matter which is so injudiciously accumulated. The ninth sermon consists chiefly of a recapitulation and a comparison of the Papal and Jesuitical power in its decline, with the continued security and progress of Christianity.

The appendix forms a very dull addition to the work; to which few readers will have recourse, we conceive, for more about the Jesuits.

MEDICINE.

A Practical Dictionary of Domestic Medicine; comprising the latest discoveries relative to the causes, treatment, and prevention of diseases; with a popular description of anatomy, casualties, chemistry; cloathing, dietetics, pharmacy, physiology, surgery, midwifery, therapeutics, &c. &c. &c. By Richard Reece, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London: Corresponding Member of the Medical Society at Paris, &c. &c. &c. Large 8vo. Longman and Co. 1808.

This ponderous volume is ushered before the public by such a co-

lumn of graces and right reverends, (all right able physicians no doubt,) as must strike the ignorant prophane with awe and respect for the fortunate name of Dr. Reece. The reflecting part of mankind, however, will be apt to conclude that Rev. Doctors are not necessarily the best surgeons and physicians; and that their names can only serve the same purpose as the symbols of silver and gold on the bottles of a poor apothecary. By way of preface, or introduction, to this Dictionary, a brief, and rather superficial history of popular medicine is given. The subject is interesting, but it would require a moderate volume to do it any justice. The present sketch discovers considerable *second-hand* reading, and, as such, is not a subject for criticism. The series of questions to patients, and the remarks, we fear, are not sufficient to enable uneducated persons to judge of the nature of diseases. This point, indeed, often baffles the skill of the most acute and able physicians, men of talents, learning, and profound study; and is not to be acquired so casually. Considering this volume, however, as a popular Dictionary of Practical Physic, designed solely for the use of the unlearned; we do not think that it is well calculated to answer such a purpose, as it is greatly deficient both in popular, and scientific terms, as well as arrangement. Such a work, also, should have embraced the Materia Medica more amply than we here find it; but in its present very imperfect, and crude state, we are compelled to suppose that the author only designed this edition as an advertisement for his next.—As a fair specimen, however, we shall extract the short article, *Beef*, which, although a familiar, is not the least interesting subject.

" BEEF is the flesh of black cattle, and is either used in a fresh or prepared state. It affords a strong, but wholesome nourishment. It should be tender, fat, and well mixed; and should be taken from a bullock of middle age about five years. This is preferable to the cow, the flesh of which, though equally soluble, is not equally sapid. When taken from a bull, or an aged bullock, that is about nine years, (for from three to nine is the period of vigour, more especially if fed in a stall,) the flesh is highly indigestible, and too dense to admit an easy solution in the stomach. Beef is more generally acceptable to the taste, than most other kinds of animal food, and by some is said most nearly to resemble human nature [flesh?] It is good at all seasons; and we continue longer to relish it, without disgust, than any other kind. The particular flavour of beef depends much on the feeding on which the animal is reared. When fed upon turnips, it often acquires a peculiar taste; and when fattened with the refuse of distilleries, the fat becomes too soft and oily, and is too much accumulated in the cellular membrane, more than in the other parts.—Beef is the most proper food for the strong and laborious, and predisposes much, when eaten to excess, to heat and inflammation. Of its different parts its fat is easily [easiest] digested; the tongue, as also the tripe, being of a more dense texture than the other parts, are more indigestible, and therefore are unfit aliment for weak stomachs. The

best mode of preparing beef is roasted or boiled, and in the latter form it is even lighter than in the former.

" BEEF TEA is a light soup, prepared from a pound of lean beef, cut into slices, and boiled in a pint of water for the space of twenty minutes, taking off the rising scum, as it first boils; when taken off it is to be strained, and *made fit for use*, [but how, or by what means, the author has not stated] It is given as the common nourishment for invalids, and those under chronic diseases, where digestion is weak, but it should never be made too *diluent*, [too *weak* or too thin, we presume is meant by our *popular* Dr.] otherwise it does not answer the purpose for which it is intended."

In turning over this volume we came to *Hypochondriasis*, before we could discover any reason for its being patronized by *two* primates, *three* archbishops, and *thirteen* suffragans; a phalanx of divinity, surely sufficient to rescue this dictionary from our critical purgatory. But Dr. Reece, not content with selling physic for the body, must also furnish medicine to the mind, and accordingly we find him recommending such " religious books," as do not insist " on any points of *doctrinal uncertainty!*" After prostituting the reverend name of Archbishop Newcombe, next follows a recommendation of " Mr. Fellowes's Treatise on Death," and his " Body of Theology!!!" As Dr. R. appears initiated in the new school, we instantly searched for the words *marriage*, or *matrimony*, hoping to find a recommendation of this *reverend* author's long-looked for Treatise on this interesting subject, but were disappointed. We cannot believe, however, the illiberal insinuation of some of Dr. R.'s less fortunate brethren of the pestle and mortar, that this recommendation was only to insure a *favorable* critique in a certain Review. To his Lordship of Ely, (whose name appears in this work) and another Bishop, who, if we are rightly informed, have done their duty to a sceptical theologian, we recommend the consideration of this question.

There are several articles, or rather distinct treatises, such as on aliment, animal food, baths, &c. &c. which are not destitute of merit, and, although not finished productions, may be read with advantage by persons unacquainted with such subjects.

Observations on the causes which constitute unsoundness in Horses, considered in regard to the sale and purchase of those animals. Dedicated to the gentlemen of the English bar. By Richard Lawrence, Veterinary surgeon, Fellow of the Birmingham Philosophical Society, author of an Inquiry into the Structure and Economy of the Horse, &c. Pp. 83, 8vo. 5s. Jabet and Lucas, Birmingham; Crosby, London, 1809.

Mr. Lawrence dedicates this little work with considerable humour to the learned fraternity of wigs, compares their " grace and dignity of action," " the lofty carriage of the head," " roaring," " moving sideways---kicking---wincing," &c. with the qualities of the noble animal; but can find no analogy among the coursers at the bar to the diseases called *short-winded*, or the defect of *shyness*. Unlike

most of the writers on veterinary surgery, he does not abuse all his predecessors, but, after addressing the long-robed champions with some wit, learning, and gentlemanly good humour, proceeds to lay down a few general rules to assist them in determining on the probable soundness or unsoundness of horses; and show them how far this matter can be ascertained, or justly decided on, by judicial inquiry. The whole of his lively remarks, indeed, display acuteness, just discrimination, and good sense; and lawyers, as well as horse dealers and purchasers, will find them well worthy of their attentive perusal. The "long-winded" gentlemen, however, will not thank him for the very judicious advice to sellers or purchasers of horses *never to go to law*. In addition to the advantage of avoiding enormous expences, he assigns a very important reason which ought to have great weight with all men. "To reduce, (says Mr. L.) the number of horse causes is a matter of some moment to the interests of morality, inasmuch as it must tend to check that system of infamous and shameful *perjury*, which too often exhibits its daring front in our courts in trials of this nature." If some effectual check is not given to this iniquitous system, if grooms, and stable boys, are not made more sensible of the serious obligation of an oath, the ruinous effects of such conduct will, sooner or later, recoil on those who suffer it. In conclusion, after describing, with much perspicuity, above 30 different causes of unsoundness, he cautions "the reader, not to consider this work as containing any *legal* decisions, but simply *as a reference to the nature and seat of those diseases*, which, in a commercial point of view, render the horse unsound; and which, in the arguing of a horse cause, are so often perverted or misunderstood." These "Observations" will recommend themselves to all whom they may concern; but to lawyers they are indispensable.

DIVINITY.

A Sermon on the Duties of Public Worship, preached at the Octagon Chapel, Bath, Dec. 11, 1808. By John Gardiner, D. D. Rivingtons, 8vo. pp. 38. 1s. 6d.

The productions of this author always afford us delight in the perusal. Good sense, clear reasoning, genuine piety, and forcible language, attract our regard, and claim our approbation. We have also to admire in Dr. G. fervent zeal, and apostolic freedom. He writes like a man who has no other object in view than the present welfare, and everlasting salvation of his hearers. Far from accommodating his addresses to their prejudices, he guards them against those sins, and frailties, and omissions, which corrupt the heart, and blind the understanding. We spoke with more than usual commendation of a volume of Discourses published by this writer;* and we are willing to persuade ourselves, that our commendation produced the effect we designed by

* See our Review for July, 1806.

it, which was, to promote the edification of the reader, by extending the circulation of the book. Dr. Gardiner again appears a candidate for public favour: the subject, well adapted to a Bath congregation, affords scope to his talents, and exercise to his zeal. In the discourse before us, he illustrates the reverence with which the duty of public worship ought to be accompanied, and animadverts with becoming freedom on some abuses which are too often prevalent in it. We will give a short extract, and our readers will, we doubt not, coincide with us in opinion, that this animated preacher is well entitled to the fame he has acquired.

"In the last place, a subject who shall have attended on his sovereign with the requisite dispositions, will leave his presence studious or thoughtful, recollecting the manner in which he has conducted himself, as well as the reception he has met with; and the impressions made on him will not be instantly effaced. Now, is it possible to reflect on the consequences which the duties of public worship may have —of what importance it may be to have served God with a fervent and humble spirit, an honest and good heart; to obtain the spiritual and temporal favours which we have implored; to engrave on our memory the capital truths we have heard, and to execute the pious resolutions we have formed? All these salutary objects being united, is it possible, I say, that our meditations in this place should vanish like so many airy dreams, and instantly give place to others of an opposite kind? However, without forming a rash judgment, are there none whose appearance will authorize us to impute to them superficial sentiments, transient emotions, and a pernicious forgetfulness in regard to things moral and divine? And sometimes, even before they quit these walls, do not their conversations on trivial matters, the amusements of the past, or the engagements of the ensuing week, help to justify such an imputation? Will they then manifest afterwards—I do not say more contrition or thoughtfulness, but less vanity and carelessness —I do not say more gravity, but less frivolity in their behaviour— than if they had quitted a place where, in the society of their equals, they had been discussing only indifferent subjects? And are we not forced to draw this painful conclusion in regard to them, that they have not worshipped the Lord with the reverence due to him in his holy temple, and that though they may *have heard his words, they forget, and do them not?*"

If justice were done to this sermon in the delivery, the audience would depart pleased, certainly, with the preacher; and displeased, probably, with themselves.

EDUCATION.

An Epitome of English Grammar; with exercises on false Syntax, erroneous punctuation, in correct orthography, Scotticisms, vulgar Anglicisms &c. and a Key to the exercises, by William Angus,

M. A. Teacher of English. Vernor and Hood, London; Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

After a careful perusal of this epitome we feel ourselves bound to recommend it, as we recommended a Vocabulary by the same author, to the attention of those teachers who wish to communicate to their pupils, an easy and condensed view of the leading rules for writing and speaking their native language with elegance and correctness.

A copious and well-selected praxis is subjoined in the form of an appendix, which must prove of great use to the more advanced pupil; and the Scotticisms, vulgar Anglicisms &c. cannot fail to give the volume an additional recommendation to every school north of the Tweed.

POETRY.

The Simpliciad, a satirico-didactic Poem; containing Hints for the new School, suggested by Horace's Art of Poetry, and improved by a Contemplation of the Works of the first Masters. Pp. 51, small 8vo. 2s. Stockdale, jun. 1808.

The author of this excellent little poem dedicates it, with much good humour and respect, to Messrs. Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. He very aptly calls it an "Anthology of the NEW, and (what he presumes to denominate) the ANTI-CLASSICAL SCHOOL," as almost every one of his own 368 lines are illustrated by extracts from these gentlemen's writings, we cannot say poetry. He also feelingly admires their talents, venerates their feelings, but laments the degradation of their genius, and deprecates the propagation of their perverted taste. An extract will best convey an idea of this curious poem and notes.

"Poets, (1) who fix their visionary sight
On sparrow's eggs, in prospect of delight,
With (2) fervent welcome greet the glow-worm's flame,
Put it to bed, and bless it by its name;

(1) "Look, five blue *eggs* are gleaming there!
Few *visions* have I seen more fair,
Nor many *prospects of delight*,
More pleasing than that simple sight!" W.'s *Poems*.

(2) "The poet tells us, that 'among all lovely things his love had been,' but had never had the good fortune to see a glow-worm.—Judge of his emotion—

"When riding near her home one stormy night,
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave *a fervent welcome* to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; great joy had I.

Hunt (3) waterfalls, that gallop down the hills;
And (4) dance with dancing laughing daffodills;
Or (5) measure muddy ponds from side to side,
And find them three feet long and two feet wide:
Poets (6) with brother donkey in the dell
Of mild equality who fain would dwell;
With (7) brother lark or brother robin fly,
And flutter with half-brother butterfly;
To (8) woodland shades with liberty repair,
And scorn with pious sneer the house of pray'r:

When to the dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly;
And left the glow-worm, *blessing it by name,*
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.
The whole next day I hoped, and hoped with fear.
At night the glow-worm shone beneath the tree:
I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here!"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me." *Id.*

(3) "When up she winds along the brook,
To *hunt the water-falls.*
What more he said I cannot tell,
The stream came thund'ring down the dell,
And *gallop'd loud* and fast." *Id.*

(4) "When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of *dancing daffodills.*
A poet could not be but gay
In such a *laughing* company.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And *dances with the daffodills.*" *Id.*

(5) "This thorn you on your left espy,
And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little *muddy pond*
Of water, never dry;
I've measur'd it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide." *Id.*

(6) Innocent foal! thou poor despis'd forlorn!
I hail thee BROTHER, spite of the fool's scorn!
And fain would take thee with me, in the *dell,*
Of peace and *mild equality to dwell.*"
C.'s Address to a young Ass.

(7) "The *bird,* who by some name or other,
All men who know him, call him *brother.*" *W.*

(8) *Go thou, and seek the house of prayer!*
I to the *woodlands* bend my way,

Of apostolic (9) daisies learn to think,
Draughts from their urns of true devotion drink;
Woo (10) with fond languishment their chymic maids,
Pray for their spaniels; (11) consecrate (12) their spades;
Whine (13) over tatter'd cloaks and ragged breeches,
And moralize with gatherers of leeches.
" Boast of New Bond-street, and St. Paul's Church-yard,
With 'Lyric Ballads' many a gentle bard,
Proud of gilt cover, with engravings grac'd,
Courts of mammas and aunts the curious taste.
'Tis their's, with greater than the doctor's skill,
To make by night the screaming infant still;
Or, welcoming day with some melodious air,
Wash his nice hands, and comb his shining hair,
To story told of Gaffer Grumble's wig,
Dame Hubbard's dog, and Betty Pringle's pig.

And meet religion there!
She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray, &c.
With liberty she loves to rove." *S.*

(9) The daisy is a favourite with one of our poets, who addresses it thus:

" If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I *drink* out of an humbler *urn*
A lovelier pleasure.
Yet pleased and willing,
Meek, yielding to occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all,
THY FUNCTION APOSTOLICAL
IN PEACE FULFILLING."

(10) " Or *with fond languishment* around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair—
Spirits! to you the infant maid was given,
Form'd by the wond'rous *alchemy* of Heaven." *C.*

(11) " I PRAY'D FOR THEE, and that thy end were past,
And willingly have laid thee here at last." *W.*

Another author, in his valedictory address to a favourite spaniel, exclaims:

" —Fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed;
—There is another world
For *all* that live and move—a better one!" *S.*

(12) " And when thou [a spade] art past service, worn away,
Thee a surviving soul shall *consecrate*." *W.*

(13) " And *I gave money to the host*,
To buy a new cloak for the old." *Id.*

A simple tale these artless bards rehearse;
The ditty simple, simple is the verse;
But ah! in vain—for know, a simpler lay
Wrests from their grasp the nursery prize away!"

It is surely much to be wished that the good-natured satire of the "Simpliciad," could put a stop to the promulgation of such silly nonsense, divided into short lines.

Ronald, a Legendary Tale; with other Poems. Pp. 106, small 8vo. Hookham, 1809.

There is some neatness and traces of originality in this little volume, which, we presume, from the farewell Address to the Muse, is the production of a young Barrister. The tale is told in smoother verse than many similar compositions, but is not so fluent. Some of the "Miscellaneous Poems" are very pleasing. In one of the longest, "a poetical Epistle," there is both poetry and good sense.

"Still faithful to our country's glory,
Unequall'd e'en in Grecian story,
We'll Bronté fallen weep;
Him, lord of war, whose thund'ring hand
Bore terror to each hostile strand,
Great victor of the deep!

"And thee, on whose persuasive tongue,
Listening, astonish'd senates hung,
To catch th' impending word;
Thee, pledge of Britain's inward peace,
For commerce smil'd at her increase,
Though war still rag'd abroad.

"Though anarchy's deluding guise
Awhile engag'd Britannia's eyes,
In every winning form;
'Twas thine, O Pitt! though howl'd the blast,
Though Britain's sky was overcast,
To guide us through the storm.

"In future ages yet unborn,
No morning sure will ever dawn
On our posterity,
But they shall bless, with filial zeal,
Thee, guardian of their country's weal,
Their laws—their liberty!"

These patriotic sentiments will insure the author a plentiful portion of abuse from certain critics, who are themselves alike deficient in original genius and honest patriotism.

Poems on various Subjects, by Henry Richard Wood, Esq. Pp. 136, small 8vo. 5s. Peacock, York; Baldwin, London, 1809.

Mr. Wood's verses are generally harmonious, and his sentiments

truly moral and benevolent. His work appears to be the effusions of an enlightened and virtuous mind, which enjoys a refined pleasure in poetical amusement. Some pieces, were it not for their length, deserve to be quoted; the imitations of the Italian are not unhappy. The following is translated from Francisco de Lemene:

" Enamour'd of its form, a Rose,
That flourish'd by a river's side,
Beholding in the silver tide
Its charms reflected, swell'd with pride;
When, lo! a sudden storm arose,
And stripp'd this flower of all its leaves,
Which, widely scatter'd by the breeze,
Fell to the stream, that on pursu'd its way,
Regardless of its lovely prey!
Thus, thus, O! Heav'n, does beauty fade away."

Poems, by Miss S. Evance, *selected from her earliest Productions, to those of the present Year.* Pp. 142, small 8vo. Longman & Co. 1808.

Miss Evance, no doubt, may be a very amiable young lady, a *selection* of whose poetry, during six years, from 1803 to 1808 inclusive, is here laid before the public; but we are not told what is her age, her studies, or her education, or any thing respecting her. If we are to consider her poems in 1803 as those of a child, they are very clever; if of a woman, they are sufficiently trite. The chief part of this volume is composed of sonnets; and, of all species of writing, perhaps sonneteering requires the least genius. Except the too frequent recurrence of a morbid melancholy, these poems contain nothing but laudable and truly moral sentiments; and as such we can safely recommend them to our readers. The lines " written the evening before the departure of a friend," are happily conceived, and delicately expressed; the same may be said of those " after the departure of a friend." The first of these reverts to the recollection of happy hours spent together; the second compares social pleasure to the transient bloom of flowers; thoughts naturally and neatly expressed.

Descriptive Poetry; being a Selection from the best modern Authors, principally having reference to Subjects in Natural History. Pp. 132, 12mo. 3s. Savage, Bedford Bury.

A selection, like the present, is greatly preferable to the multitude of little works, with monstrous figures, lately produced for the amusement of children, in natural history. The subjects are in general interesting, the poetry harmonious, and taken from respectable modern authors, and the sentiments such as will improve the heart, and enlighten the judgment. The compilation is much more judicious and novel than most of the similar publications.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Juvenile Dramas, in three Volumes; by the author of Summer Rambles, &c. &c. Longman, 1808, price 10s. 6d.

These are very pleasing volumes; in which a Dramatic air is given, with a happy effect, to the little incidents and familiarities of domestic life. There is a vivacity, a naiveté, and often elegance in some of the Dramas; infinitely superior to the forced levity and stage trick so captivating at the present day. But, what is better, good morality and just sentiment are here, invariably, to be met with—we were going to say, *displayed*—though we suppressed the word, from the reflection, that so far from being obtruded upon us, they are secretly infused through every part, and essentially breathe, in a manner, through every speech, and every gesture, attitude, and action; so that, what the Greeks called the το καλον και το πρεπον, seem spontaneously to animate the whole. This can arise from no other cause, than the purity and beauty of the author's own mind: From so clear a fountain no polluted streams could flow.

We think "the Birth-day," "All in the Wrong," "Duplicity," and "Harvest Home," the most interesting. From "the Birth-day," we shall insert a specimen. The contrast of Miss Laton, a vain conceited girl, fond of shew and finery, and pluming herself on her accomplishments, with Miss Eleanor Mansfield, the daughter of the curate, beautiful, unaffected, and every way deserving, is drawn with many fine touches, that discover a masterly hand.

"*Scene, near the Parsonage-House. Enter Miss Laton.*

Miss Laton, "I have been plagueing myself, ever since I was here this morning, to find out some means of keeping Eleanor from going to the ball to-morrow. That girl is the torment of my life. I cannot conceive what it is that people see in her, that, wherever she appears, she should be so much *taken notice of*. She has no pretensions whatever—a poor curate's daughter, always dressed in the plainest manner possible, and so awkwardly bashful, that I always see her poked up in some corner, as if she was afraid of being perceived: For my part, I like to place myself where I am most in the way of being *taken notice of*. Then, one would think her dumb, for she never opens her lips, till some one spies her out, and draws her into conversation; and somehow or other (though I do all I can to engross the attention of the company) that never fails to happen, and every thing she says is so applauded, and so cried up, it is enough to turn the girl's head;—indeed, she is sufficiently conceited, and, I dare say, thinks herself handsome; but her eyes have an ugly expression, which I cannot bear—then her hair is too dark, and her teeth are too small. I have no doubt but that all the notice taken of her, is on that old Mrs. Russel's account, whose darling she is, and who thinks her all perfection; what shall I do to prevent her going to this ball? Mrs. Russel is enough to make one mad, praising her singing so much! She only shews her ignorance, for Eleanor has no voice, and knows nothing of music.—She shall not go, positively."

As these volumes are intended for the perusal chiefly of young people, the author must excuse us, whilst we point out some inaccuracies in her language and style, which she would do well to correct, for a future edition. In Vol. I. p. 75, we object to "*both in mind as well as body.*" p. 101. "*cut a fine figure.*" p. 129, "*On this side the river.*" p. 134. "*Neither bears or wolves.*" p. 152, "*On a great many occasions.*' In some places, *accounts* for *account* should be noticed. We will not insert the remainder of our list: it is sufficient to draw the attention of so sensible a writer, to the above. She will take our hint in good part, and revise her compositions more carefully. To the punctuation, also, which is that of female boarding-schools, and by which (had we no other mark) we should have discovered her sex, she will do right to look with a critical eye; and she will see, that it is very exceptionable. However they may rival us in literary attainments, female writers, even in the present age, cannot *point*—in the last, they could not *spell!*

An authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the death [*murder*] *of Major Andrè, Adjutant-General of His Majesty's Forces, in North America.* By James Hett. Smith, Esq. *To which is added, a Monody on the death of Major Andrè,* by Miss Seward. Pp. 363, 8vo. 8s. Mathews and Leigh.

HAD Mr. Smith published this narrative before the death of Washington, that "cool, determined *murderer* of the brave," as he was not unjustly called by Miss Seward, it might have been of some use, in preventing similar murders in doubtful cases of violation of the law of nations. At present, nearly all the American agents in this bloody and disgraceful tragedy, are removed to that world where they must be answerable for their conduct; and the innocence of Major Andrè was before sufficiently known, to perpetuate his memory in the annals of his weeping country.

Mr. Smith's vindication of himself, however, although late, is perfectly natural, and the documents with which he has accompanied it, will be useful to the future historian of the American war.

Anecdotes of Birds; or short accounts of their Habits in a state of nature, collected from the best Authors on Natural History. With Figures engraved on wood. Pp. 135, small 8vo. 4s. Savage, Bedford Bury. 1809.

THIS short account of Birds, for which the editor has given all his authorities, consists of a miscellaneous collection of facts, relating to their natural habits only, wherever these habits have any thing peculiar; in this manner it contains more information on this subject than is to be found in any separate work in natural history. The circumstances are related in a simple familiar style, well calculated to interest and instruct youth. The wood-cuts are neatly engraven, and about 120 birds are mentioned.

The Proceedings on the Enquiry into the Armistice and Convention of Cintra, and into the conduct of the Officers concerned. By J. J.

Stockdale. Illustrated with five Military Plans. Pp. 170, 8vo. 7s. Stockdale, jun. 1809.

THIS is a valuable historical document as well of the inefficacy of such a Court, as of the impropiety of the Convention. Sir H. Dalrymple's narrative may be a memento how easy Frenchmen can *dupe* English; " he then perceived an appearance of *guile* on the part of General Kellerman," p. 69; but he had not the spirit to abandon the degrading treaty!

An Essay on the Teeth of Wheels, comprehending Principles, and their Application in Practice to Mill-work and other Machinery. With numerous Figures. By Robertson Buchanan, Engineer, and revised by Peter Nicholson, Architect, &c. pp. 164, 8vo. 7s. Savage, Bedford Bury. 1808.

A most useful and perspicuous practical treatise, illustrated with numerous diagrams, indispensable to every well-informed mechanic, whose works are connected with rotatory motion. To mill-wrights, cart-wrights, coach, watch and clock makers, who are necessarily but little acquainted with mathematics, such a plain and comprehensive work must be extremely convenient. Several useful tables are added on the pitches of wheels, that is, the distances between the centres of two contiguous teeth; and the radii of wheels, that is, the distance between the centre of the wheel and that of each tooth; these are accompanied by information on the thickness, breadth, strength and number of teeth, their velocity, and the quantity of power necessary to give them motion. The " practical observations with regard to making of patterns of cast-iron [or brass] wheels," deserve the attention of founders. The work has been revised by that able mathematician, Dr. Young.

Compendium of the Laws and Constitution of England. By Wm. Enfield, M. A. Author of the New Pronouncing Dictionary, &c. assisted by eminent professional Gentlemen. pp. 380. 18mo. 4s. 6d. Tegg. 1809.

It is much to be wished that such summaries of the laws and constitution of this country should become more familiar, at a time when the fellest despotism is extending itself all over the Continent of Europe. Mr Enfield has rendered an important, and, we have no doubt, acceptable service to the public, by furnishing so comprehensive and cheap a work, on a subject which concerns every British subject fully to know and understand. If those persons who aspire to be politicians (however profoundly ignorant of the principles of civil polity) would take the trouble of studying the principles of our laws, their morals might, perhaps, be improved, their judgments on men and things corrected, and even their perverse reasoning directed to more just and practical conclusions. Considering the immense variety of subjects which are treated in this useful little volume, the omissions are neither numerous nor important, and the general exe-

cution is such as to render it worthy our approbation. It would be an advantage to youth, if some such compendium as the present, which contains much very curious as well as useful information, was regularly read in all our schools and academies at stated periods.

A Collection of modern and contemporary Voyages and Travels, Vol. III. *Containing Pouqueville's Travels through the Morea, Albania, and several other Parts of the Ottoman Empire, to Constantinople, from* 1798 *to* 1801; *Mangourit's Travels in Hanover, in* 1803-4; *Fischer's Letters during a Journey to Montpellier; Tour through the principal Provinces of Spain and Portugal, in* 1803; *Journal of a Tour in Ireland, in* 1804; *with Analyses of Carr's Northern Summer, and Turnbull's Voyage round the World.* 8vo. with 9 Plates. Phillips.

Could we believe Dr. Pouqueville, his adventures in Greece would be interesting; the Editor, however, has added notes occasionally to confirm or illustrate his remarks. Mangourit's Travels in Hanover we noticed at length in our Appendix to Vol. xxix. p. 441. Fischer's Letters on the South of France are much more interesting and authentic than either of the preceding;—he very successfully and justly exposes the erroneousness of the vulgar idea respecting the salubrity of that climate, and the Paradisdical enjoyment of Montpellier. We have often had occasion to mention the dirt and vices of the people in Nismes and Montpellier, and M. Fischer has here more fully exposed them with his usual vivacity. This volume also contains the original of the Tour in Spain and Portugal, which was lately attempted to be obtruded on the public as a new work. It has here, however, a more respectable and honest character, than when manufactured into *two* volumes. Respecting the Tour in Ireland, we are strangely enough informed, at the end of the volume, as an apology for the reflections "on the Irish character, (by which, however, Irishmen should profit) that it is the production of a *Scotchman!*" Upon the whole, we have no hesitation in saying, that this third volume of Contemporary Voyages and Travels is well worthy the perusal of all persons desirous of an acquaintance with the manners, customs, antiquities, and natural history of nations.

REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

An Apology for the Edinburgh Review.

—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.—OVID, MET. I.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin Review.

SIR,—When a man takes the liberty of volunteering his services before they are called for, he is in a somewhat awkward predicament,

and hardly knows which way to excuse himself for doing what nobody desired him to do. Such is, I confess, in some measure, my unlucky situation at present. I have taken upon me to pen an "*Apology for the Edinburgh Review*," and, for the life of me, I cannot exactly say what was my inducement; for, certainly, I dare not address the conductors of that celebrated Work, as Samuel, heretofore, addressed Eli, *Here am I, for thou calledst me*; and, indeed, were I to affect such a piece of presumption, I should probably only be mortified by old Eli's rebuke, *I called not, my son; lie down again.*

However, to wrangle no further about a point which I shall probably, after all, never very satisfactorily clear up, I am determined to cut the Gordian knot at once, by declaring, that having witnessed, for some time past, the malicious attacks made upon this popular Journal, through the slanderous medium of its cotemporary luminary, the *Antijacobin Review*, I have felt a sudden motion arousing the powers within me to stand up in its defence. What the Edinburgh Reviewers will say to me for this officious interference I know not; but as my whole heart and soul are with them, I hope they will excuse any oddity in my manner, and, after the good old fashion of sober times, kindly take the will for the deed.

I would not, however, have it supposed that, in the apology here offered to the public, I am, Quixotte-like, arming, cap-a-pée, to demolish a non-entity. Alas! very far from it! The Edinburgh Reviewers, unconscious probably of their perilous situation, have been long dancing on the edge of a precipice. They have been hugging themselves in their fair fame, and carrying their heads high, crowned with laurel, without perceiving the envious mildew gathering around them. Malice is ever striving to stifle merit. From the moment they began to shine, they became enveloped in the shade of slander. Surmises were formed. Sarcasms banded about. Jacobinism suggested. Here a flaw was detected in their principles; there an inaccuracy in their language. Here they were deficient in sublimity; there in sense. Now they were too serious; now too lax. This moment they came flying upon the wings of the wind; the next they crept upon all-fours. Something, in short, was always either too learned, or too dull;—too tame, or too declamatory; too partial, or too presuming; too pedantic in its structure, or too democratical in its tendency; and it was charitably "hoped, for the honour of the nation, that the second volume of this occasionally able, and uniformly abusive, Journal was forgotten,* even before the Antijacobin could find leisure to treat us with a brief sketch of its contents.

It was with no small concern, that I beheld the brightest ornament of British literature thus cruelly wounded in its reputation by such whiffling opposers. And as, with a too intimate knowledge of our crabbed nature, the Poet had long since observed,

> Diram qui contudit Hydram,
> Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
> Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari,†

* Antijacobin Review, 1804. † Hor. Epist. ad. August.

it, by parity of reasoning, pretty well seemed to follow, that the same ungracious fate might, one day, await even their illustrious labours, by which, in all likelihood, many monsters were destined to be crushed in the egg, and many Hydras of the dreaded race of the Cacoethis scribendi to be subdued. For, as the apothecary's mortar, it has been remarked, often rings the patient's passing-bell, so do their seasonable flagellations consign to oblivion the mis-shapen productions of the day, which had otherwise stolen both fame and pudding from the suffrages of the ignorant, and laid the whole world of letters under a disgraceful contribution.

The period, however, is, at length, arrived (and I will not blink the question) fairly to meet the matter at issue, and either, by a conviction of inability, to confirm the accusations of the malicious; or, by a full exposure of the inanity of these viperous attacks, to set the question at rest for ever. The Edinburgh Reviewers have hitherto, indeed, been doomed "to work against wind and tide, and to own Religion in her rags;"* but it shall go hard with us if we don't make a better business of it than did the late Commander in Chief; and as sure as ever we gain a verdict of acquittal, they shall henceforward "walk with her in her silver slippers, where the sun shines, and the people applaud her."†

Let it not be supposed, however, that I mean, like the Knight of La Mancha, to dip my hands up to the elbows in adventure, and, enthusiastic in my admiration, to go all lengths in their defence. No, I have none of the hypocritical suppleness, Heaven be praised! of the Poet's parasite about me, Quidquid dicunt, laudo: id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque.—Negat quis, nego: ait, aio.‡ And, indeed, were I unblushing enough to copy the premises, I don't know that I should be so lucky as to fall in with the conclusion. Possibly, for the sweet bit of the sweet penny,§ I might only come in for a bitter pill. Like an honest lawyer, therefore, I am determined to scrutinize my brief, before I plead, slap-dash, for my worthy clients, through thick and thin.

To clear the way, however, as we go, it may be necessary to premise why I have crammed my porridge with consecrated bread, so frequently drawn my allusions, and, in some sort indeed, my very language, from *classical* authority, and, in a more especial manner, from *the Edinburgh Review itself;* and, further, why I have herein made use of *only the four last numbers* of that admired publication.

Be it known then, that, having to defend a sublime work, I was mightily desirous of doing it in a sublime manner; for, as Sancho justly remarks, in the pleasant discourse between his master and the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, it becomes every man to take care how he talks, or how he writes, of other men, and not set down at random, higgle-de-piggl dy, whatever comes into his noddle. It was necessary, therefore, to call in exotic assistance, to the support of indigenous genius. I have, with this view, laid all I could catch hold of under contribution, and compelled them, with one consent, to

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* Pilgrim's Progess. † Ibid. ‡ Terencis Eunuch. § Ibid.

worship the golden image, which King Jeffrey of the North has been pleased to set up. But even these powerful auxiliaries would very imperfectly have availed me, could I not luckily have gone to the fountain-head for my materials.—Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ. It will be found, therefore, that I have largely drawn upon the pages of the Edinburgh Review itself, for the laud and commendation with which I have invested it, and have fairly buried it in a bed of its own roses. It might, perhaps, have been as well to emblazon their exploits in any other language; but "when we have done enough, there is no occasion, you know, to stuff the cushion with straw;"* and such an abundance of good things do their pages contain, that we may well afford to make them honey from their own stores. "None but *themselves* can be their parallel." After indulging in the magnificent corruscations of the Edinburgh Review, there is, positively, no enduring the plain pike-staff phraseology of any other work. Besides, genius, they say, is of an infectious nature; and as Longinus was reported to have imbibed the Homeric spirit, while engaged in discussing the beauties of the Iliad; so, in treating of the energies of their critical Journal, have I, somehow or other, felt those energies infused into my own apology, and, treading in such splendid steps, have become, as I humbly conceive, by a sort of sublime contamination, occasionally splendid myself.

As to the circumstance of having, in many, and various, quotations, drawn only from the four last numbers of this blazing star of the first magnitude, I must honestly confess that they are the only numbers I have, hitherto, been favoured with the sight of. I take shame, indeed, to myself for having become so late a reader of so universally circulated a work, and shall patiently abide the reproach of offended dignity; "not to know me argues yourself unknown." How I, at length, found out that the Edinburgh Review was worth reading, it is immaterial to mention. Suffice it to observe, that *No.* 23, *for April*, 1808, was the first these eyes were, alas! ever blessed with the sight of.

It is some consolation, however, that, though I have been, hitherto, destined to take up with 'an universal blank' for this 'book of nature fair,' having had access to none other than those pitiful publications, the Antijacobin Review, the British Critic, the Gentleman's Magazine, and trash of a similar description; there is still, thank my stars! enough before me for the most riotous mental enjoyment. I ask not what has preceded Number 23, I am satisfied with the specimens already in my possession.—Ex ungue leonem. And if the Fabulist's old woman was at no loss to judge of the quality of the liquor from the mere smell of the cask, I must be even somewhat below an old woman in sagacity, if, from the Corinthian fragments, I cannot conjecture the exquisite design of the whole wonderful structure. Isis, it has been somewhere observed, was accustomed to reveal medicine to the sick by dreams. But I will venture, meo periculo, to declare to those who are awake, that, from the *Bruno-*

* Don Quixotte.

nian system of the Edinburgh Review, are we alone to look for the vital re-integration of all British literature. And, as the eating of garlic was prescribed by Hippocrates, both to those who were, and to those who intended to get drunk; so may the perusal of their glowing pages be recommended as well to them who do, as to them who wish to cut a figure in the republic of letters. For, from my own experience, I can assert that, having, at length, been tempted to taste of this "tree of interdicted knowledge," a most wonderful acuteness has, some how or other, been operated upon my intellectual optics; for I feel that it is, indeed, "able to make gods of men," and, like mother Eve, I could almost find in my heart, in company so delicate, to fly "forthwith up to the clouds." Now as, in all cases, sauce for the goose is held to be sauce for the gander, I make no doubt but that every reader of the Edinburgh Review will, if gifted with a philosophical precocity, find himself cockered and spirited up after the same legerdemain manner, and "feeling vigour divine within him," will be ready to exclaim, with the undaunted leader of the revolutionary host,—

"Our puissance is our own; our own right hand
"Shall teach us highest deeds."——MILTON.

Having premised thus much, by way of introduction, I proceed to an investigation of the charges that have, at various times, and, by a variety of skulking and insidious means, been brought against the Edinburgh Review. And though I am not, believe me, vain enough to fancy I can give Slander such a quietus as may settle her till doomsday, (for the tomtit will twitter upon the Eagle's back, in spite of us) yet if she still finds courage to continue to blow her trumpet, I hope, at any rate, before I have done with her, to purify, in some measure, the bad breath she has hitherto sent forth; a task, let me tell you, of no small importance, in an age of talkative and brazen presumption like the present.

The first objection, then, which I observe made to this celebrated work, is, that it is not, properly speaking, a Review, but merely a collection of detached essays, having little connection with the subject under discussion, and being very confined in its selection. That further, a misnomer is fixed on the very face of the performance, for that what is called the *Edinburgh Review* "is now generally believed to be principally manufactured in London,"* and that the hireling writers thereof "are resident on this side the Tweed, eating their way to the English Bar, and laughing at the credulity of John Bull."†

Now, as far as this objection respects a confined selection, it must surely be deemed nugatory, insomuch as the Edinburgh Reviewers themselves have, it seems, disclaimed the idea of any thing like a history of general literature: for I understand them to declare, that they "decline any attempt at exhibiting a complete view of modern literature, and confine their notice, in a great degree, to works that either have attained, or deserve, a certain portion of celebrity." ‡

* Antijacobin Review, June, 1807. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. Feb. 1804.

And, very proper, I think, is such a determination; for as a prudent physician prefers a few well-chosen remedies to the confused farrago of the Materia Medica, so do they wisely select the choice morsels of criticism, and leave the tag-rag tribe of their brethren to do as they will with the remainder. And, indeed, it is out of all character to suppose that they should condescend to identify their acuteness of remark with every vulgar thing vomited from the press in this prolific "Age of Publication."

As to the Edinburgh Review consisting of mere essays, having little connection with the work under discussion, where, I beseech you, is the sin, or shame, of Genius being so thoroughly absorbed in its own lofty doings, as to overlook the crude and disjointed speculations of others? What if they are now and then, as in the case of Bishop Warburton, "completely carried away from the book, by the title of which their observations were suggested,"* would you stop them in the midst of their flaming energies with a whistle in their ears, *sub judice lis est*; and that the writer is mortified at their parading round and round with their own bright effusions, without its once entering their thoughts to notice the dulness of his? Very pretty indeed, if things are come to such a pass, that transcendent talents must be chained under the yoke of some stupid custom, and the ass's panniers laid across the back of the generous war horse. No, no, the Edinburgh Reviewers will, I hope, have spirit enough to despise such absurd accommodations to the public taste, and, like *the sun shining in his strength*, will continue, after their own fashion, to dispense light, and life, to a benighted world, who are doomed to gaze on the majestic orb, without ability to trace the line of its mysterious revolution.

In our old-fashioned Reviews, indeed, of the South, the work criticised is the prominent part of the entertainment. But they manage these things better in the North; and prudently considering that "Dionysius and Philip together are too much for one article,"† though the author is, of courtesy, it is true, introduced to the audience, he is taught better manners than to figure upon the stage in the presence of his masters. They very soon, therefore, shove him behind the scenes; and when, after a due course of flourishing through the magnificent circle of their own dear ideas, he is coldly invited to make his appearance again, he may think himself pretty well off, if they condescend to say good by to you, without sending him away with a smart cut across the shoulders. Now, how much more dignified is this, than to suffer these culprits, at the bar of Apollo, to tell their own tedious tale, and to strut, and rant, and call names, if they but fancy you will hold from them the accustomed civilities of literature. I have no notion of indulging authors in these consequential airs. Let them pack off, and take their "miserable erudition"‡ with them. It will serve well enough "to enrich the Gentleman's Magazine,"§ where, amid "solid masses of antiquated stupidity,"‖ it may find a nich, probably, in *their* Temple

* Edinburgh Review, No. 26, p. 354. † Ibid. No. 24, p. 479.
‡ Ibid. p. 449. § Ibid. ‖ Ibid.

of Fame.—Or, at any rate, Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis—there's the *Antijacobin Miscellany* open, night and day, for the reception of all comers and goers, if they do but produce their passport of having abused, or been well abused by, the Edinburgh Reviewers, or any of their infidel satellites.

Don't tell me that this is harsh judging—a writer is never neglected but when he is not worth notice. That this happens nine times out of ten is no fault of theirs. Can the Edinburgh Reviewers make ability where nature has not bestowed it? and, where it is denied, are they not very considerate to supply the deficiency by their own? And it is wonderful, by the bye, what they are enabled to perform in this way. Set them down but to an eighteen-penny pamphlet, and they will presently work you up from it an elaborate treatise, full of arguments founded on, be sure, nothing less than everlasting principles—for, like the immortal Raphael, their excellency may be said to consist in the "powers of invention, and the skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions, to their own purpose." Be the subject what it may, they never fail, by hook or by crook, to demonstrate their omniscience before they have done with it; until, from the ashes of some poor crazy composition, arises a Phœnix to astonish the admiring multitude. And as Midas was celebrated for turning all he touched to gold, so from the vilest scribblings can our Reviewers extract matter for the sagest remark; and, like the fly in the fable, look plump and well-favoured, even though they fed upon a——— *Zibeta Occidentalis.*

But indeed, they who censure this substitution of detached Essays for a regular critical Journal, may be said, like peevish brats, to quarrel with their bread and butter. For as the alderman's beef, the king of meats, comprehended in it the quintessence of partridge and quail, and venison, and pheasants, and plum-pudding, and custard,* so the Ed. Review, the king of Reviewers, contains within itself not only the heart and soul, where it has any, of the work under consideration, but a rich abundance of original sentiment into the bargain. In turning over its pages, you are disgusted by "no tame writing, no intervention of ordinary passages, no enervation of the high powers of the mind," no "stooping of the wing"† and balking a strong conception; but all "bears the zeal and impress of genius."‡ And though, in consequence of these "rapid and lofty movements,§" we may occasionally be whirled into regions beyond the chrystalline orbs, and bewildered by speculations remotely connected with the subject, we are yet to remember that their very vagaries smack of invention, and that "the light that leads astray is—light from Heaven"! ‖ for, like the great and unhappy Lord Verulam, the Ed. Reviewers are "spirits of that high order that go ingeniously wrong, and who cannot even err without instructing." ¶

Though, therefore, to alter their plan would be, in effect, to

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* Swift's Tale of a Tub. † Edinburgh Review, No. 23, p. 27, &c.
‡ Ibid. No. 26, p. 256. § Ibid. ‖ Burns.
¶ Wood's Enquiry into the Life of Homer.

endanger their reputation; yet, aware that they have given a new character to review writing, and that the world is but little disposed to pardon any aberration from established customs, it may not perhaps be amiss to observe, in extenuation of this supposed offence, that as "the sin which most easily besets a translator, is that of grafting his own sense on that of his original,"* so the danger to which a Reviewer is most exposed, and, by the bye, "the temptation, is the stronger the more he is a man of talent and imagination,"† is the giving us his own opinions in lieu of those of his author. Besides, is the conjecture altogether unreasonable, that "the Public is apt to exaggerate a little the value of what it receives, without any previous expectation;"‡ and I dare say we every one of us read the Ed. Review with greater pleasure, for not knowing before hand where its train of thought may conduct us; like travellers in a romance, we are every moment deluded by a change of scenery. Heroic knights, love-lorn damsels, falling waters, hanging gardens, enchanted castles, clouds, comets, and armies in the air, all flit in delightful succession before us. Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes intulit agresti latio. The genius of the Reviewer hurries us, at will, through his magic pages; and, like men that have "eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," we have no power to controul the charmed spell, but, will-he nill-he, are conveyed "to Rome, to Athens, or the lord knows where," and are only recalled to the stupid dulness of plain common sense, by recollecting that all this is but "the baseless fabric of a vision," the work of minds wrought in the same mould with our own; and that, amid the delirium of our rapture, instead of escorting my Lady the Princess Micomicona, we have merely been hunting up Sancho's ass, and devouring the pages of —— *the Edinburgh Review*!!

As to those who have no taste for this method of composing a critical journal, let them seek elsewhere for entertainment. I, for my part, love to behold the expansions of intellect, and the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, to cover by degrees the face of the whole heavens. What! does an overflowing excellence lose its nature? If Chrysippus wrote a complete volume upon cabbage, need the Edinburgh Reviewers blush at producing a regular treatise from the flimsy ratiocinations of a Grub-street pamphleteer? But there are Goths and Vandals that spurn at every exhibition of native genius; and as those who have drunk of the Clitorian fount are said to contract an aversion to wine, so do these dull and insensate beings, bred up in the droning sentiments of the Antijacobin, or the British Critic, feel no rapturous unison with 'the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely.' Indeed, in vain will you attempt to electrify these clodpoles by the most daring and lofty speculations. They have souls of an uncouth growth, and had rather basely grovel in the dust, than "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm"—all we can do, therefore, is to leave them to their folly. Qui *vult* decipi, decipiatur.

* Ed. Review, No. 23, p. 56. † Ibid. p. 1. ‡ Ibid. p. 1.

Upon the whole, I hold it no objection whatever to this far-famed national work, that it is confined in its selection, and is, in fact, any thing in the world, rather than a Review. Call it by what title you please, you cannot impair its merit—it will still constitute, in the eye of reason, the admired standard of all that is great and excellent. Indeed, "we have not met with any thing nearly so good,"* since the revival of literature; and we cannot but regret that it should have fallen to the lot of the Edinburgh Reviewers to live in an iron age, when interest lords it over intellect, and when the glory of the Salamanca schools should have commenced Bachelors of Arts, and taken their degrees for nothing; for what is the composing a critical Journal, and serving the Booksellers, when they have "talents to serve the world?" I hope, however, for the honour of genius, that they will, somehow or other, be provided for in the end; and whether you make them governors of Asiatic provinces, Semi-Diplomatists, or "members for rotten Boroughs," depend upon it we shall not find it thrown into an old sack; for, like squire Sancho, they have long ago felt their own pulse, and find themselves sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands.

O fortunate Empire of Britain! which hast the talisman of thy security; within thine own confines 'abilities so transcendant as those manifested by the Illuminati' of the north, have indeed rarely been vouchsafed to "any mortal mixture of Earth's mould."

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes! †

As for the remaining part of the slander, that the Edinburgh Review is generally believed to be manufactured in London, and that its hireling writers are eating their way to the English bar, and laughing at the credulity of John Bull, it is one of those *subterfugia ignorantiæ* that can only deserve to be treated with silent contempt. The mere *ipse dixit* of an anonymous scoffer can surely be entitled to little respect; and I have more serious business upon my hands than to waste my time in combating idle conjectures, which make nothing to the matter in hand, and which, were there even any grounds for them, could not subduct an atom from the intrinsic reputation of the work which they thus foolishly affect to depreciate. I dismiss it, therefore, to the tomb of the Capulets.

Voilà une fort belle entrée—so now to the second. There are certain cold and phlegmatic creatures, who, caring little about what is transacting on the grand theatre of the universe, affect to make it an objection to the Edinburgh Review that, taken all together, it is too much of a *political* cast, and that a Publication, professing to comprehend within its grasp the various departments of science and literature, should not allot so large a portion of its pages to one subject, and that too, to scholars, by no means the most interesting; and more particularly, as even in the opinion of its friends, "the advertisement of its first

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* Edinburgh Review, No. 24, p. 401. † Hor. Ep. ad. August.

number afforded no reason to expect that its pages should be dedicated to purposes of politics or party."* Nay more, that even articles where we should least look for any "favourable occasion to speculate on their darling topic, are yet so transmuted, during the process of discussion, as, somehow or another, to furnish out their contingent to the common stock; and that, by "animadversions conveyed in a sort of loose convenient generals, which free them from the minute restrictions of truth,"† these Reviewers are constantly in hot water, bawling out Politics, Politics, and prepared, like Knights errant in a romance to "run a muck, and tilt at all they meet."‡

Now, that the Edinburgh Reviews, taken in the gross, may, perhaps, be said to be of a political complexion, I will not deny, nor will, I even hold out against the accusation that a thread of politics may be discernibly traced through the whole body of its disquisitions. But I do, and ever must, contradict the hasty assertion, that "these subjects too much abound," and that these "favourable occasions," for the display of legislative powers, too frequently occur. What, has not the potter leave to mould his porcelain after his own form and fashion? and, in the projection of a Critical Journal, are not the conductors at liberty to consult "the signs of the times?" Now politics, we all know, is the pole star of English education, from the Statesman, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, to the village Hampden, who imbibes his constitutional principles at the barber's shop, or the blacksmith's stithy. The Edinburgh Reviewers have no authority over the fates and destinies; and were people as fond of reforming themselves as they are of mending the State, the Journals of the day would soon chime in with the fashion; and treatises of politics would become as fusty as treatises of piety. But, so long as this world is a vast deal better thinking of than the next, so long as men are smit with the rage of philosophizing, and fancy themselves better gifted to canvass the measures of government, than the state of their own souls; and even the grand legislative council of the nation itself is almost as much delighted with sifting the evidence of *a Lady under Royal protection*, as with accompanying the Speaker, on a fast day, to implore the Divine assistance,—the watchful guardians of literature must swim with the stream; and, instead of aspiring to be "the makers of manners," must bow the knee to Baal, and humbly condescend to "catch the manners living as they rise."

With infinite address, therefore, do the Edinburgh Reviewers fix with the full weight of their talents on this popular subject. They touch this grand main spring, and, more fortunate than Archimedes, having gained a footing, they instantly move the world. With the matchless pre-science of Napoleon himself, "in that vulnerable heart they plant the dagger,"‡ assured that "the remotest limb will quiver with the shock."§ Nor night, nor day, do they desist to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and "to tell a whole nation the whole of its faults."‖ That it may please Heaven to enable them, by the force

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* Antijac. Rev. June 1807. † Ibid, July 1808. ‡ Ibid. June 1808.
§ Edinburgh Review, No. 25, p. 230. ‖ Ibid. No. 24.

of their own potent reasoning, "to endue the Lords of the Council with grace, wisdom, and understanding," is a petition that enters duly into the liturgy of their pious orisons; and could they but once clinch King William's scheme of a comprehension with the Dissenters, and emancipate the poor oppressed Catholics of Ireland, they would have a sweet sleep of it, I dare say, afterwards. But fair and softly, my Northern Hotspurs! we are not ripe for such high doings at present. You must "scale the cliff, and dance on hollow winds with antic shapes," a little longer, before the Devil and Doctor Faustus will be ready to join in the rigadoon; for neither was Rome, you know, built, nor Quack Solomon's *Anti-Impetigenes*, though a "safe, salutary, and absolute specific," swallowed down in a day.

But your small politicians, who, as Swift observes, are mighty forward in forming profound conjectures, have somehow or other, it seems, taken into their heads, that the Edinburgh Review is little better than a fortress of Jacobinism;* that the tendency of its discussions is to free the mind from the wholesome restraints of government; that honest English patriotism would disdain to suggest, and experience, to sanctify some of its leading theories; that its writers, who "were, most of them, provided for by the late Ministry, who sought to render the King a cypher in the State,"† are, upon all occasions, forward to predict the ruin of their country, eager to traduce her councils, and, by consequence, not undelighted to palsy her exertions. And this Philippic they, very consistently, follow up by expressing their hopes, that "as one of the first glories of the Antijacobin Review was to silence the Analytical, it will be equally successful in silencing the Edinburgh, which croaks the same tune, though in a different key."‡

Alas! so incessantly will malice be twitching at reputation, that, as Falstaff observed of honour, 'If it comes, it comes unlooked for, and there's an end.'—But with respect to the calumny in question,—Nos hæc novimus esse nihil. For possessed, as the Edinburgh Reviewers occasionally may be, with certain "sublime doubts,"§ with a sort of *regicide* greatness of conception, as I suppose their enemies would term it, they are still Apostles of true, British, *Burdettite*, liberty, and have nothing so much at heart as the well-being of the Empire. They have no desire to remove the seat of government to the North; they merely prescribe, like experienced physicians, the doses of those "doctrines, in a recurrence to which the salvation of England is to be found;"‖ and provided they could only see virtuous men in office, and knaves out, would, for their own part, "care mighty little whether they were called upon to pay tribute to Cæsar, or to Pompey."¶ Not, indeed, that they have any violent objection to a Whitbread, or a Wardle, at the helm, and a Spanish war, and the Income Tax, departing, like a vision of the

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* Antijacobin Review, August 1804. † Ibid. June 1807.
‡ Ibid. August 1804. § Edinburgh Review, No. 24, 356.
‖ Ibid. No. 24, 434. 438. ¶ Ibid. No. 24, 481.

right. "The prejudiced declamation of the Demagogue"* they hold in abhorrence; and as for our Church establishment, far enough, dear, innocent lamb-like souls! are they from dreaming of its demolition.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANIES.

On the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian; and observations on the opinions of Malcolm Laing, Esq. the Rev. Dr. Graham; and Professor Richardson.

As children sometimes sing before they can speak, so, it seems, rude nations have a turn for Poetry before they shew any talent for analyzing the principles of human language. It is, at any rate, a curious fact, that the genius of true poetry – that poetry which is most closely allied to the free energies of human feeling—has gradually withdrawn, as the languages, which he employed, grew more polished and technical. It would be going out of the way to tell the cause of this, and to mention, at length, how imagination is cramped and repressed by nice formalities; it is enough, in order to be convinced of the truth of the observation, to compare the works of fancy, which appeared in the easy days of composition, with those that have felt the squeeze of criticism, in these more correct, but more fastidious times. In the former, the whole production, the good and the bad, was natural; the good bearing the genuine marke of poetical inspiration, while the bad, it must be acknowledged, was very dross: in the latter, the great mass, with very few exceptions, is artificial, and confined to a tame mediocrity. From this it is not to be inferred that there were none, in ancient and early times, who thought themselves poets, without having received a commission from the Muses. Such have appeared in every age: but the obstacles to writing and transmission were then so great, that none but those lofty spirits, which were guided and impelled by the workings of rare genius, could effectually surmount them. Lord Bacon, indeed, in one of those unlucky moments, when authors will risk the imputation of speaking nonsense for the sake of saying *a good thing*, ventured to assert that, in the stream of time, as in other streams, all that was weighty and valuable had gone to the bottom, and that nothing of antiquity, but the sticks, and straw, had come down to us. We are rather of opinion, notwithstanding the high authority of Verulam, that we have, at least, pretty fair specimens of what the men of old times could do, both in oratory and philosophy, as well as in poetry; and we are, moreover, inclined to regard a considerable proportion of the poetry ascribed to Ossian, with all its beauties, and with all its faults, as a memorial of the genius and sentiment of the ancient Caledonians. We are not, however, prepared to assert, nor does Dr. Graham think it essential

* Edinburgh Review, No. 24, 481.

to the general proof of authenticity to assert, that the epic poems of Fingal and Temora, as published by Macpherson, are exact and literal translations of two such regular, and heroic compositions, possessing all the critical requisites of epic poetry, which were originally composed in Gáelic, and transmitted through more than a thousand years. Macpherson had collected abundant materials before he set down to translate and arrange; and, discovering what he thought the *discerpta membra* of an epic poem, he wrought them up into plot and episode; and, where a gap in the narrative occurred, which could not be supplied from his scraps of manuscript, he trusted to his own taste and invention to connect the kindred matter. But even in this exercise of his judgment Macpherson was not left altogether helpless, "for it is well known," says Dr. G. "that before the Highland reciter delivers his poem, he generally prefaces it with a short summary, in a kind of measured prose, of the principal events contained in the verses which he is about to recite. This outline of the poem is called the Igenlachd, or Tale. By the help of this outline, Mr. Macpherson seems to have been enabled to connect, at least, in regular order, the several detached pieces which he found in tradition, according to the series of events to which they related; and, when a poem occurred which could not, by this method, be made to coalesce with his larger work, he seems to have proceeded by two ways:—he either gives the poem in its detached state, as he found it, and as the lesser poems now appear in his publication, or he artfully introduces it as an episode, as he has done in the instance of the Maid of Craca, and in that of the expedition of Larthon, in the close of the seventh book of Temora. Of such episodes, indeed, skilfully introduced, and, in general, allied to the subject of the work, a great portion of the Fingal and Temora consists."

All that is conceded above, is, we think, wisely given up to the opponents of the authenticity of the poems in question; but it does not appear that there exists any necessity to yield one step farther. We would risk the proposition, that there were composed in the Highlands and isles of North Britain, at a very early period, a considerable quantity of tender, and heroic verse, which was preserved by tradition, partly oral, and partly written, until it was collected, and published by James Macpherson and others, within these last fifty years; and declare ourselves ready to meet and repel any objection that should be urged against it.

In the first place, admitting that the poetry is authentic, and, as Mr. Macpherson alleged, to be referred to the third century as its æra, ought we to expect, considering the extent of time, the means of transmission, and all the local and peculiar disadvantages of a thinly-peopled country, existing for many centuries in a state of comparative barbarism, that the evidence for their authenticity should be incontrovertible? Were any person to call in question the generally-received opinion that Homer, a man who is said to have been born in Asia Minor, or in some one of the Greek Islands, a

certain number of ages before the birth of Christ; a man, the honour of whose nativity several cities have disputed, and whose birth place still remains doubtful; were any one to call in question that this man wrote the Iliad, he might, we believe, remain for ever in his scepticism, if it could not be removed but by a direct and formal series of proof. Indeed there is no book that has outlived its author, about the authenticity of which doubts might not be started; and it is not many months ago that we encountered, in the work of an eminent writer on taste, a strong disposition to deprive Homer of the honour of having written the Odyssey. In every such case the onus probandi must lye upon those who oppose the opinions, that are commonly received, relative to the author of any literary performance: nor has Mr. Laing refused the task in the present instance, but, with a degree of industry, and learning, which would have done honour to him, had they been less contaminated with sarcastic petulance, he boldly submitted his shoulders to it, and has acquitted himself so well, that it must be confessed that the majority of those who interested themselves in the Ossianic controversy have yielded to his reasonings and his assertions. But that his reasoning is often inconclusive, and his assertions hasty and deniable, is clearly proved by Dr. Graham, whose work is written with much ability, candour, and politeness.

In entering upon this controversy, it naturally strikes us to enquire, whether the Caledonians of the third century were in that condition of society in which the human mind betakes itself to those pursuits, and indulges in those feelings which are congenial to poetry: for if they were, as Mr. Laing represents them, "a nation of naked, sanguinary, barbarians, armed with a shield, a dart, and a dagger; almost destitute of iron, which they prized like gold, and living promiscuously in wattled booths," we should certainly regard the attempt to prove that they were poets withal, as very absurd and ridiculous. On this subject Tacitus is the best authority, and Dr. Graham has accordingly quoted from him general passages which abundantly prove that their advancement in civilization was very considerable. "In speaking of Caledonia, he takes notice of ample states beyond the Forth, and bears honourable testimony to their skill in warlike operations. We find them previous to the celebrated battle of the Grampians, with the wisest counsels sending embassies to the surrounding states; forming alliances, and adopting every measure which prudence could suggest, or valour achieve, in order to repel the impending danger. About thirty thousand armed men, "besides the daily accession of young men, and of aged heroes famed in war," assembled under Galgacus; whom, by common consent, according to the usual manner of the Celtic nations, they had chosen for their leader. Immediately before the battle, Galgacus addresses his soldiers, in a speech full of good sense and knowledge of the respective interests of the contending parties; full of temperate valour, and patriotic eloquence. Making every

due allowance for the manner of the ancient writers, of framing speeches for the personages whom they introduced; it seems scarcely possible to suppose, that such a writer as Tacitus could, without some foundation, in fact, put such a speech as this into the mouth of a mere savage. The conduct of the battle, too, on the part of the Caledonians, evinces, notwithstanding their final defeat, very considerable judgment and military skill. Their masterly evolutions, and undaunted bravery had, more than once, by the acknowledgment of the historian rendered the issue of the day doubtful.

" To the generosity of the Celts, of whom the Caledonians are unquestionably to be reckoned a branch, Ælian, who wrote about the period under our consideration, bears the most honourable witness. To this contempt of danger," he adds, " they are prompted by songs in honour of those who have bravely fallen, and by trophies, and monuments dedicated to them, after the manner of the Greeks."

The truth seems to be, that we are not warranted by any just principle of reasoning, in forming conclusions beforehand concerning the various shades of distinction, which, under different circumstances, may mark the manners of any particular nation, or period of society. In order to conclude justly, a previous or collateral acquaintance with the particular nature or state of society is indispensably necessary. With regard to China, for instance, unless we had the indubitable evidence of historians and travellers, how difficult would it be to conceive that, for more than two thousand years, the state of society, of arts, of science, and of agriculture, has been stationary; whilst, in every other nation of the earth, these circumstances have undergone innumerable and incalculable changes! Who could predicate of the sequestered inhabitants of the Pelew islands, all the gentleness and humanity of European manners; or of the Otaheitans, the dissipation of the latter ages of Rome, joined to the mildness and docility of the most polished people of modern times.

" On this ground, it would seem that we are not warranted to attribute absolute barbarism to our Caledonian ancestors, merely from the consideration of the country, and period in which they lived, and the state of society in some contemporary nations. We should allow its just weight to every scattered hint, furnished by writers of undoubted credit; and to every accidental circumstance which may have had any influence in characterising the manners and condition of the people."

We certainly derive very little knowledge of the state of society in ancient Caledonia from contemporary history; but every particle of information that can be called authentic is favorable to the supposition that there existed, among the inhabitants of the hills and vallies that lie beyond the Grampians, even at the time when Ossian is alleged to have lived, a sufficient share of that kind of heroic sentiment which is most closely allied to poetry. The evidence of Tacitus goes a great way to substantiate this; for the people who, by their skill and bravery, made the Roman Eagle hover over an obstinate and doubtful

conflict, were not strangers to arts and policy, which commonly are later in their appearance among men, than the inspiration of the muses. Nor is it difficult to account for that degree of civilization and knowledge which Dr. Graham pleads for, if we shall pay any regard to the account of the Druidical institutions and mysteries, which is given by Julius Cæsar, in the sixth book of his commentaries on his wars in Gaul. The Druids, he there informs us, maintain the immortality of the soul, as also the doctrine of its metempsychosis; and frequently enter into discussions concerning the nature and motion of the heavenly bodies; the magnitude of this orb, and of the universe at large; and even concerning the strength and power of the immortal Gods: and these inquiries and subjects of disputation they transmit to their pupils. He adds, what is more important, that this kind of science is supposed to have been imported from Britain into Gaul, and that those who wished to be more deeply learned in it, were in the habit, even in his time, of repairing thither for the sake of instruction. That these celebrated Druids found their way to the Highlands, and even islands of Scotland, is rendered unquestionable by an accumulation of all that species of evidence which is employed to prove their existence wherever they have been. Mr. Laing, indeed, denies this, but it is plain that he had not sufficiently studied the subject when he hazarded his objections.

"Here then," as Dr. Graham observes, "we find in Celtic Caledonia an illustrious order of sages, who, during a long period, had poured a stream of light on these northern lands. Happily, before it was extinguished, the transcendent genius of Ullin and Ossian, of Alpen and Carril, had caught the irradiation of its departing splendour. They had imbibed, even from its declining lustre, a refinement of ideas, an elevation of sentiment, and an elegance of poetical composition, which we still admire, but which, when we take into account the discipline in which they were initiated, should not excite our surprise."

Mr. Laing's grand argument against the antiquity and authenticity of the poems ascribed to Ossian, which is founded on the utter improbability that such a period of refinement as this, should have existed amongst the Caledonians, prior to that barbarism, into which they were found a few centuries afterwards to have sunk, will necessarily lose much of its weight. That any nation is *now* sunk in barbarism, or even was in that condition when it first attracted the attention of the philosopher and historian, is no argument that it never was civilized and enlightened. Indeed, such have been the changes and revolutions in every thing that respects human society, even since records became authentic, that the very fact that a people is now in ignorance and darkness, is a kind of presumption that it was once in possession of some learning and policy. But the object in view, in the essay before us, does not require that it should be proved that the inhabitants of Caledonia were as learned and polite as the Athenians, or as generous in valour, and romantic in love, as a Spanish

knight-errant. That tenderness, and elevation of feeling, which characterize the verses of the Gaelic band, have characterised the poetry of all nations in their first steps towards refinement. The smoothness and delicacy of highly-polished society have ever proved unfavourable to the expression of even the softer passions. For proofs of this, look to the novels which have been so freely poured from the English press during the last thirty years; and to the flimsy tales and romances of our neighbours on the Continent, which served us for models. Love and heroism are there represented, not so much as the calm and natural inmates of a great mind, as the disease of reason, the anarchy of passion, all roused and propelled by a mad sentimentality. Of this, there is nothing in the poems of Ossian; nor is there, indeed, any thing that is inconsistent with what we should have expected from a bard of sensibility, in the midst of a warlike people, proud of independence, and passionately desirous of fame.

" But admitting that there was a Highland genius in the third age, qualified to compose such poetry as Macpherson published as translations; by what means, it may be said, was such a mass of versification transmitted through fourteen centuries, and finally collected, so as to enable the Editor to give epic poems to the world? At first sight it really appears no easy matter to give this question a satisfactory answer; and Mr. Laing seems willing to increase the difficulty, by recalling to our memory ' that three-fourths of the civilized world have been employed, since the æra of Fingal, in the recitation of poems, neither so long nor so intricate as Ossians; and consider,' says he, ' how small a portion of the psalms or liturgy can be preserved by memory, much less transmitted by oral tradition, for a single generation.' After simply observing that the cases are not parallel in the most essential circumstances, we must revert to the usages of the druidical system for a complete solution of the difficulty in question.

" The Druids had a kind of inferior ministers, or disciples, called Bards, whose office it seems to have been to recite and preserve the compositions of their masters, who, it is well known, did not allow the use of writing to their pupils and dependants. ' The Bardic order is attributed, by all the ancient writers, to the Celtic nations; and it is extended by Tacitus, under the same appellation, to the Germans. Sunt illis haec quoque carmina, quorum relatu quem *Barditum* vocant, accendent animos, futuræque pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur. Posidonius also tells us that, when the Celts go to war, they take with them associates whom they call parasites, who sing their praises either in public assemblies, or to those who wish to hear them privately. ' These poets,' he adds ' are called Bards.' Now, it is a well known fact, that every great family in the Highlands had a bard attached to it, whose office it was, not only to preserve the genealogy, and to record the achievements of the family, but also to retain, by memory, like the disciples of the Druids of old, a vast number of verses which they recited at entertainments, to amuse the chieftain and his friends. Martin, in his British Isles, speaking of

the Æbudes, seems, in this view, to give the true idea of the relation which the Bards bore to the ancient Druids. 'The *orators*,' says he, were brought, after the Druids were extinct, to preserve the knowledge of families."

In all Celtic countries these Bards continued in uninterrupted succession for many ages. The barbarous policy of Edward I. is famed for having destroyed them in Wales towards the end of the thirteenth century. In the highlands of Scotland however, where no invader had succeeded in breaking the train of ancient institution, or in contaminating their language with the idiom of strangers, the succession of the Bards remained unbroken up to the year 1726, when Nial Macvurich, the last of that celebrated order, died; a large volume of whose manuscripts was put into the hands of Macpherson, while on his tour in the north, to collect the reliques of the Gaelic muse. The poems of Ossian, we are informed, constituted a favourite portion of their recitations; and honours and prizes were conferred upon him whose memory was best stored with the compositions of their national Homer. Even within these fifty years, Dr. G. observes, "that it was common for the Highlanders, little occupied in those days in the pursuits of agriculture and manufactures, to assemble together in one anothers houses, and to pass the long nights of winter in listening to their national tales and poetry, and particularly to the poetry ascribed to Ossian. Those persons who could repeat much of this poetry were held in high esteem; they were welcome guests in every family; and their company was solicited and prolonged by the kindest attentions.

Taking all these things into consideration, then, and chiefly the very important fact, which is incontrovertibly proved by Dr. Graham, that the Highlanders have remained for at least the last 1500 years, an unmixed people, the possibility that a great quantity of detached pieces of poetry was transmitted from Bard to Bard for more than ten centuries, does not strike us as inadmissible. Because very few members of the English church can repeat the psalms, or any considerable portion of the liturgy without book, when there is no inducement for them to confide so much to their memories, it will not follow that, were the artificial means of transmitting these venerable compositions to posterity withdrawn, they could not commit them with safety to the power of reminiscence. The human mind does not possess a faculty of more extensive compass, in point of improveability, than that of memory. Instances of its power and fidelity, in persons who were, from necessity, compelled to improve it, are almost past belief. The writer of this article is well acquainted with a man, who has been blind from his infancy, and was of course never taught to read, who can repeat the whole bible with the exception of the catalogues of names in the books of Nehemiah and Ezra. The twenty years probationary discipline of the Druids, which were chiefly employed in committing to memory a great number of verses, afford a sufficient ground for believing that the more ancient bards did not neglect to

improve the faculty of remembering. But the transmission of Ossian's poems was not left altogether to oral tradition; for, as Dr. G. observes, 'the art of writing was practised at a very early period in Scotland. This has been undeniably proved by the existence of ancient manuscripts, of which the late Dr. Smith has given a very interesting account in the appendix to the report of the Committee of the H. Society. One of these, Dr. G. says he has seen; the beautiful Gaelic manuscript, written, as it appears, by a Monk of the eighth century; and also a volume of poems belonging to the H. Society of London, and written in the period of James IV. of Scotland. Of the poems contained in the latter, some are entitled in Latin,' 'Auctor hujus Ossian;' and others in Gaelic Udair sho Ossian, "Udair sho Ullin." It is important to observe, that this ancient manuscript collection contains the episode of "the Maid of Cracea," introduced by Macpherson into the third book of Fingal, and still repeated by many in the Highlands of Scotland."

Taking all the facilities and advantages which naturally suggest themselves from this state of things into account, and balancing them with the objections of Mr. Laing, we cannot help thinking that the scale would turn considerably in favour of Dr. G.; but Mr. Laing discovers *intrinsic* evidence of the modern origin of the poems called Ossian's, and enters into the wide field of poetry, both sacred and profane, to detect the steps of Macpherson's muse in her pilfering excursions; for the said muse, according to the allegations of her prosecutor, is, by habit and repute, an arrant thief. It is unnecessary here to enter into a minute examination of the particular charges of plagiarism which are urged by Mr. Laing; as they are ably repelled by Dr. Graham, both upon the general principles which guide human thought in all conditions of society, and particularly upon the consideration, that the most of those authors from whom Ossian, *in English*, appears to have borrowed, were, in point of refinement and local influences, in circumstances greatly similar to those of the Gaelic Ossian.

"In the poem of Cath-Loda, Mr. Laing specifies as, what he calls, unintelligible bombast, the following sentence of Ossian—"Whence is the stream of years? Whither do they roll? Where have they hid in mist their many-coloured sides?" I confess that all this imagery appears to me beautiful and appropriate. *The lapse of time*, and *the course of human affairs*, are expressions in ordinary use, in every language; they convey the same idea, and are founded on a similar metaphor with that of *the stream of years*. But who does not perceive that all these figures of speech originally arise, in the reflecting mind, from the common observation of human life? Must we wait to find their origin in the truly beautiful verses of Mr. Blair?

Son of the morning, whither art thou fled?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head?

"I should not have been surprised, had Mr. Laing traced the above-mentioned imagery of Ossian to a source, which, had it occurred to him, he might, in the humour in which he wrote, have

been disposed to deem more appropriate. In the chronological chart of Dr. Priestley, the extent and duration of empires are represented by a stream, small and circumscribed in its beginnings, but swelling as it advances; and occasionally, as was the fate of empires, disappearing, and losing themselves in the 'mist of time.' In this same chart he might have detected even '*the many-coloured sides*' of Ossian; he might have seen one empire distinguished in blue, another in red, and another in green.

"I come now, however, to consider a subject of higher import, the assertion of Mr. Laing, 'that ostentatious addresses to the sun, moon, and evening star, are alone a detection of modern poetry, to which they are peculiar.' If the learned gentleman had been able to establish this position in any other manner than by his ordinary manner of gratuitous assertion, it would have afforded, at least, a very important conclusion, though not a complete proof of his argument. Disclaiming the epithet ostentatious, whether applied to those addresses that occur in Ossian, or to those which I shall adduce from Greek and Roman antiquity, I cannot help expressing my surprise, that the gentleman should have hazarded such an assertion, when he knows, or at least before he made it, should have known, that such addresses abound in the poetry of Greece and Rome. Not to mention the odes of Horace, of Anacreon, and of Sappho, addressed to the immortals of Olympus, I observe that we meet with addresses, in the *manner* of Ossian, in that of Juno to sleep, Iliad XIV. ver. 180; to the same, in the Orestes of Euripides, v. 211; to *night*, Orestes, v. 174. to the *air*, Aristophanis Nubes, v. 263, and to the *earth*, Sophoclis Philoctetes, v. 403. All these addresses, though not direct to the sun, moon, or evening star, are made to similarly-striking objects of nature, and are in the same style of personification with those of Ossian; they shew, at least, that this *manner* of writing does not belong exclusively to modern poetry. But I proceed to observe, that the ancients furnish us with direct addresses to the sun, the moon, and the evening star.

"In the Carmen Nuptiale of Catullus, two most beautiful addresses to the evening star will be found; the one beginning

"Hespere, qui cœlo fertur crudelior ignis;"

And the other,

"Hespere, qui cœlo lucet jucundior ignis."

"In the hymns ascribed to Homer, and which, whether they be Homer's or not, are unquestionably of great antiquity, there is an address, or hymn, to the sun, Εις Ἡλιον, and another to the moon, Εις Σελήνην, both of which, Mr. Laing, should he take the trouble to peruse them, would perhaps be disposed to regard as ostentatious."

"But I would observe that it is in the chorusses of Seneca, the tragedian, that we have the most frequent and appropriate addresses to the sun and moon, in the manner of Ossian. Thus, in his Hyppolitus, Act 2, to the moon,

Regina nemorum, sola quæ montes colis
Et una solis montibus coleris dea;
O magna sylvas inter et lucos dea

Clarumque coeli sidus, et noctis decus
Cujus relucet mundus alterna face.

And in Hercules furens, we have (Act III.) an address to the sun, which begins

O Lucis Alme rector, et coeli decus
Qui alterna cursu spatia flammifero ambiens
Illustre laetis exeris terris caput, &c.

"I would especially point out the address to the sun, in Thyestes, Act IV. as possessing many ideas in common with the beautiful address to that luminary, given by Dr. Smith, in the fragment entitled Irathal. Seneca's begins with

Quo terrarum superûmque parens
Cujus ad ortus, noctis opacæ
Decus omne fugit, quó vertis iter, &c.

And afterwards,

Quid te ætheris populit cursu
Qua causa tuos limite cesto
Dejecit equos.

In the fragment alluded to, Ossian has

"The storms of the tempestuous seas
Shall never blow thee from off thy course."

These are instances sufficient, we think, to satisfy the unprejudiced that Mr. Laing had no ground whatever to regard an address to the sun, in Ossian, as a proof of the modern composition of the poems which are usually ascribed to that ancient bard. Nor do we admit that that learned gentleman has better support in the greater number of instances in which he alledges, that the materials of Ossianic poetry are borrowed from ancient productions. In some cases, indeed, the resemblance between passages that are collected, for the purpose of detecting plagiarism, is scarcely perceptible; and in others, where there is a parallelism of thought, and a similiarity in the turn of expression, no allowance is made for the obvious and general nature of that thought, or for the many circumstances that were common to the two authors. For example, in the description of Cuchullin's car, Mr. Laing recognizes Solomon's chariot, and Ovid's chariot of the sun. Now, that the Caledonians of that period had their cars, we know from the testimony of Greek and Roman history; but I fancy, says Dr. Graham, it will be a difficult matter to identify Solomon's '*bottom of gold*,' *his covering of purple, and paving of love*, with Ossian's 'seat of bone,' and the bottom the footstool of heroes; or that of Ovid's golden pole, his chrysoliths and gems, with Ossian's simple beam of polished yew and embossment of native stones."

"To call the grave 'a house or dwelling,' is, I believe, a metaphor to be found in all languages. It is called in scripture the house appointed for all living. Ossian's 'dark and narrow house' is, according to Mr. Laing, a transcript of this Scripture expression. Had he consulted his classics, he might have found a much more apposite original in Horace. Domus exilis Plutonia; and in the same passage he might have seen how frequently common and obvious objects are

described under the same images, by writers of very different ages and countries, without any possible ground to suspect that the one had imitated or copied the other. In the ode of Horace, which has been alluded to, we find death, just as in the style of scripture, termed *night;* and the shortness of human life described in almost the same words with those of the Psalmist. The vitae summa brevis of Horace is the 'few and evil have the days of the years of my life been' of the Patriarch Jacob, or the 'thou hast made my days as an handbreadth' of king David. It were, indeed, an insult to the understanding of the reader to multiply examples of such coincidences of thought and imagery, which occur in writers who could not possibly have had any communication of ideas.

"It would be unfair to conceal, however, that there are in Macpherson's Ossian such resemblances, both in thought and expression, to the finest passages in both ancient and modern poets, as could not proceed but from a previous acquaintance with these productions. But this is by no means inconsistent with the general argument for the authenticity of the Gaelic poetry, in the form in which Macpherson found it. There were chasms to be filled up and connected; the plot or fable of some of the pieces was to be sought for in manuscript, which had suffered from time or the carelessness of transcribers; and, upon the whole, the translator indulged in a freedom of paraphrase, when his author became obscure, which gave sufficient scope to that fund of classical ideas and associations with which his mind was richly stored."

This is a brief view of the leading objections which are urged by the opponents of the authenticity of Ossian's poems, and of the circumstances upon which they are commonly founded. We do not say that every ground of objection, and all difficulties, are removed by Dr. Graham's publication; for this, considering the nature of the subject, is impossible; but we can say, that the author has completely demolished some of the more popular and glaring arguments of his chief opponent; detected and exposed several groundless assertions, which were made a basis for important deductions, and, in short, restored to his side of the controversy so much probability and consistency, that it stands upon a more favourable footing, at this moment, than at any time since Macpherson's folly, pride, and obstinacy led the world into doubt respecting the nature and extent of his labours in preparing Ossian for the press.

This was less to be expected in the present instance, than in many others, where even more importance is attached to the determination of the dispute; for Mr. Laing has been occasionally led, by an unaccountable antipatriotism, or, at least, by a strong desire of discovering truth, which could not be agreeable to his countrymen. Dr. Johnson somewhere says, that a Scotchman must be a sturdy moralist who does not prefer Scotland to truth; but the present age has produced a Scotchman, so highly raised above the little feelings of nationality, that his greatest exertions have been employed in subduing national vanity among his countrymen, and in dashing into their eyes a glare

of light, on points concerning which, he knows, they would have no objections to remain in darkness. His labours to prove the guilt of the Scottish Queen Mary, as well as those to illustrate the supposed imposture of James Macpherson, in the case of Ossian, cannot fail to have rendered Mr. Laing unpopular in Scotland, and particularly in the Highlands. This circumstance we mention, solely with a view to exhibit, in its proper light, the gentle and dignified treatment which he has received from Dr. Graham.

Professor Richardson's Essay on the mythology of Ossian's poems is highly interesting. The proper understanding of the subject of this essay is of considerable importance, not only as an interesting picture of the strongest sympathies of our nature, leading captive the affectionate heart, even into the world of spirits; but also as comprising in it a material and unsuspicious source of evidence, that the bulk of Ossianic poetry was anterior to the age of Macpherson.

The general reasoning with which it sets out is calculated to discover and explain the origin of mythology in general, or of that universal superstition which engrafts itself upon the feelings of even the most barbarous and uncivilized of human beings. Such men have uniformly conceived, that there are many other intelligent creatures greatly superior to themselves, of a nature considerably different, and whom, as taking interest in their welfare, they were bound to adore. "Yet opinions of this sort," says the professor, "did not originate either in revelation, or in the deductions of a well-informed understanding. They were derived solely from the impulses of passion and sensibility, co-operating with those associations of thought which proceed from the influences of a prompt and ungoverned imagination.——What, then, are those dispositions, those affections, those passions, or those tendencies of sensibility, which exciting, promoting, or acting along with the combinations of fancy, produced such sentiments, and laid the foundation for a complex and extended system of religious, or superstitious, worship. What are those principles which have not their object within the visible sphere of creation; that, as it were, contemn the authority of the senses, treat their notices as imperfect, and, employing the guidance and vigour of imagination, connect visible with invisible beings; and subject mankind to the dominion of agents existing in a different state, and with whom they were hitherto unacquainted?" The principles and feelings which seem to the professor the most completely adequate to this effect, are *affection and admiration* for friends and heroic leaders, exciting such *sorrow* at their death, as induces their survivors to believe, that they are not really or altogether dead; and to imagine them in such a separate state of existence as is suited to their powers and virtues. These principles are illustrated by the actual state of human nature, as it is found in rude nations, in the present times; as well as by the poetry and works of fancy among the ancients. But the most interesting part of the essay is the application of the general argument to the poems of Ossian; in which appear at once the justness of the principles upon which it is

conducted, and a copious and varied exemplification of the striking phænomena which it respects. "It were indeed difficult, if not impossible," says the professor, "to point out, in the history of any people, a system of unrevealed and unphilosophical religion, so genuine, and so natural, so much the effect of sensibility and imagination, operating, unrestrained by authority, unmodified by example, and untinctured with artificial tenets, as in the mythology of the poems of Ossian. These poems, however, have not been supposed to exhibit, in the manners of the people whom they describe, any religious doctrines, or superstitious observances. It affords, in truth, no slight presumption, or even internal evidence of the authenticity, of these passages, at least, where religious opinions occur, that the editor, or translator himself, not discerning their real import, conceived and asserted, that they contained no mythology." But not only Mr. Macpherson, but also Dr. Blair, and the Abbé Cesarotti, the Italian translator of Ossian, failed in tracing any mythological ideas in these poems, and even took some pains to apologize for the want of them. Mr. Laing, on the other hand, could discover something like a clumsy superstition in Ossian; but without reflecting that, had Macpherson set about *forming a system* for his friends "of other times," we should have seen a theology of a more obvious and modern cast, or have met with a disguised Jupiter, a Mars, a Juno, or Minerva; heard of beings corresponding to Naiads and Dryads, to river-gods, and geniuses of the rocks; we should, in short, have had to encounter the complicated imagery of Homeric fiction, distorted and caricatured to accommodate and conceal.—Without adverting to these important circumstances, that gentleman compressed all his observations upon the subject of Ossianic religion, in the sarcastic denomination of it as a "*mythology of mist*."

An extract or two will illustrate the peculiar notions of the heroes in Ossian, with regard to the condition and influence of their departed friends.———The meteors and clouds of heaven, were both the palace and vehicle of kings and champions.

"A cloud hovers over Cona; its blue circling sides are high, the winds are beneath it; within is the dwelling of Fingal. His friends sit around the King, on mist, and hear the songs of Ullin. The lesser heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall."

'The contrast between the imbecility of departed spirits, so far as regard bodily exertions, and their power over storms and tempests, is strikingly illustrated in the following passage.'

"The blasts of the north open thy gates, O King! and I behold thee sitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form, now, is not the terror of the valiant; but like a watery cloud, when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shield is like the aged moon; thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire; dim and feeble is the chief who travelled in brightness before. But thy steps are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun, in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds; the sons of little men are afraid, and a thousand showers

descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness, the gale of morning is near thy course, the sun laughs in his blue fields; and the grey stream winds in the valley."

They believed also that the spirits of their fathers had the power of taking away life by secret and unseen influences. An aged hero, tired of life, thus addresses the ghost of his ancestor:

"Spirit of the noble Garmallen, carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his soul is sad; and his son hath lost his fame."

So, too, Inilmalla, apprehensive about the fate of her husband. "Call me, my father, when the King is low on earth; for then shall I be lonely in the midst of my woe."

The following passage is quite explicit.

"His hand is like the arm of a ghost, when it stretches it from a cloud; the rest of his thin form is unseen; but the people die in the vale." They were likewise supposed to possess the knowledge of future events, and were accordingly often applied to by their offspring.

"Come, (said the hero) O ye ghosts of my fathers, who fought against the Kings of the world, tell me the deeds of future times, and your converse in your caves, when you talk together, and behold your sons in the fields of the valiant. Trenmore came from his hill at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his limbs; his robe is of the mist of Luno, that brings death to the people; his sword is a green meteor, half-extinguished; his face is without form, and dark. He sighed thrice over the hero, and thrice the winds of the night roared aloud. Many were his words to Oscar; but they came only by halves to our ears; they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the song arose."

The candid and unbiassed will give its proper weight to the fact, that Macpherson has given to the world, in the poems of Ossian, the outlines of a natural, a universal, and yet peculiarly modified, mythology———natural, as it arose from the same feelings and train of thought which have given birth to all superstition and all pollythesim; and peculiar, as it is marked with the distinctive characters which were impressed upon it by the majestic scenery of the Highlands, and the soft melancholy of their inhabitants—without discovering that there were any expressions of superstitious emotion in the whole mass of poetry which he collected and published.

Dr. Graham has given up the *integrity* of the two epic poems, by allowing to Macpherson such an exercise of skill and of taste in the arrangement of the materials which he collected, as amounts to all that this gentleman claimed before he began to amuse himself with the inquisitive and incredulous: he has pursued the enquiry, upon fair and philosophical principles, where he had to meet reasonings or presumptions against the probability of what he wished to prove; and upon an accurate statement and examination of facts, whether they tended to increase or diminish the cogency of his argument. The execution of the whole is manly, and does honour both to the talents, and principles of the Author. R.

CONTINUATION OF REMARKS ON DR. MILNER,

(*From Page* 447 *of Vol.* 32.)

We humbly conceive that Dr. Milner cannot accuse us of betraying any jealousy of his well-earned fame as a genuine Billingsgate writer. We are not conscious of harbouring a wish to tear off one twist from the fish-band fillet, which encircles and adorns his mitre,—a fillet, as we understand, of triple formation, and derived from the intestines of the sword-fish, the shark, and the dog-fish, and meant as an honorary indication of the style and manner in which the Popish Bishop is wont to indite his works. The sword-fish, we of course suppose, is typical of, and alludes to, that cutting and fiction-loving disposition described by the Psalmist under the similitude of the razor.—The meaning of a shark disposition is too obvious to require explanation, and may, with peculiar justice, be applied to that voracious lust of power, and those absorbing propensities at all times manifested by the disciples of the Court of Rome. In his writings, moreover, we always fancy that we behold the Popish Bishop with expanded jaws, ready to swallow and devour the very body and blood of his adversary, without any demand of merit for the still larger swallow of his faith. Without, however, doing violence to the usual standard of his faith, and in perfect consistency with his belief in transubstantiation, Dr. M. may at any time, if he pleases, without being suspected of an intention to worship them, cut out figures in wafers, representatives of Sir R. Musgrave, Bart. the faithful historical painter to the Pope, of Dr. Duigenan, the biter of his Holiness's great toe, and of Dr. Ledwich, the arch-enemy of the existence of the serpent destroying St. Patrick, and the male-shunning St. Bridget. The Dr. may then, with due hocus pocus and conjurations, transubstantiate these figures, and, after muttering certain horrid imprecations, may commit the aforesaid worthy characters to be consumed by fire and faggot, while his ghostly chaplains, at his elbow, may declare, like the Goths at seeing the combustion of Grecian literature, that they never beheld so glorious a flame. Or, perhaps, it might be equally delightful to the Popish Bishop to get some huge wooden figures, which he could also transubstantiate, *secundum artem*, into Sir R. M. Doctors D. and L. as the alchymist transmutes base metal into gold, and on which Dr. M. might periodically inflict severe corporeal punishment. Under such tortures, their cries would pierce the Doctor's ears, and their blood would flow, as the myrtle, into which Polydorus had been transformed, bled, when Æneas tore off its sanguineous branches:—

> Nam, quæ prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
> Vellitur, huic atlo liquuntur sanguine guttæ,
> Et terram tabo maculant. Mihi frigidus horror
> Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine sanguis.
>
> *Æneidos, Lib.* iii. *Line* 27—30.

The Popish Doctor, we believe, would not quake with superstitious

horror on the occasion, but, like a true monkish conjuror, long accustomed to view Harlequinade changes, would superadd joy to the philosophic coolness of "Nil admirari;" for those who are in the secret of melting the blood of Januarius, are placed above emotions of wonder, though they triumph in the success of their deceptions.

Dr. M. has told us, in page 328 of his Irish Tour, of that prodigy of truth, sense, and pathos, St. Bernard, who, it seems, wrote most considerately, on the astonishing and mighty subject of "Consideration."—St. Bernard, according to Dr. M., was the great propagator of Ireland's Monachism—clarum & venerabile nomen. Now, we do not mean to impugn for a moment that this considerate Monk was a lusty propagator of the species, and that quite in a natural way, without the intervention of miracles. But if Dr. M. has time to spare from the fond contemplation of the powerful works of the vigorous and considerate St. Bernard, and his extraordinary and prolific efforts to propagate Monks and Nuns, let him look awhile into the pages of Virgil, where he may read many curious accounts of miraculous transformations, such as a fleet of ships being changed into nymphs, &c. each, no doubt, a delicious morceau to the miracle-enamoured mind of the Popish Prelate.—Above all, let him pay his acknowledgements to us for pointing out to him the story of Polydorus, as he may manage to twist it somehow into an argument for transubstantiation. We can pass over Bishop Watson's being inclined not to disbelieve the animality of shrubs and plants. But we hope, on this occasion, that Dr. Ledwich will not illnaturedly interfere with his antiquarian touchstone, and deny the existence of Polydorus, as Bryant attempted to disprove the existence of Troy. Be this as it may, the Popish Bishop may, nevertheless, be inclined to consider the bleeding myrtle as in some measure analogous to an arsenic wafer transubstantiated, and may turn the instance to some account by the conjuration of a little sophistry. We beg leave here to tell the Right Reverend Dr. M. an anecdote of a worthy old lady, a second St. Bridget, who asserted, that after receiving the wafer (as Voltaire says) from the *ass who carried the Lord*, she actually tasted the blood of Christ. "Nothing more or less, Madam, (said a friend sitting by) than the scurvy on your gums." Dr. M. will probably reply to this story, that the witty friend was a surgeon, who was on the watch for a job.

All this time, however, we have lost sight of the third band in the emblematical fillet of Dr. M.'s mitre,—namely, that of the Dog-fish. —To explain its meaning is needless. The Dog-like attributes must easily have been recognised by those who have perused Dr. M.'s works, more particularly his Irish Tour. It might not be unappropriate for the Doctor to get a Cerberus painted on his episcopalia, especially as he is likely to dissent from the Heathen Mythology, and to assign a station to the three-headed monster at the gates of Heaven, instead of Hell, leaving the latter wide open to all but Papists, while it would be the exclusive privilege of the Papist to cast the infallible sop of salvation to the celestial sentinel;—

Mette soporatam, & medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit, ille fame rabidâ tria guttura pandens
Corripit objectam, atque immania terga resolvit
Fusus humi, totoque: ingens extenditur antro.

We might, however, closely allegorize Dr. Milner himself, under the figure of Cerberus; but, strange to tell, though he has barked with three mouths at Sir R. M. Doctors D. and L. yet is he averse to the amusement of bull-baiting! Gentle Reader, do not forthwith form any hasty or high opinion of Dr. M.'s humanity and tenderness to the brute creation. We do not even know that he is a friend to Lord Erskine's famous bill, though he might wish to have a snug corner in it for the protection of his favourite cattle. Be it known, therefore, that as some are fond of Maltese asses, and others of Merino sheep, Dr. M. is most partial to the breed of bulls, from the fat pastures of St. Peter's at Rome. These furious and ungovernable animals were at one time let loose in Christendom by their keepers, the Popes, and roared aloud throughout the civilised world. They gored indiscriminately, and most viciously, the Princes of every state in Europe, and their subjects; but, thanks be to God, the wicked and mischievous breed has been greatly diminished, though not extinguished. We may venture to say that, comparatively speaking, the bulls no longer roam at large, to the terror of Europe, but are tied to a stake, and no one can desire better sport than to bait them historically;—and that they are well baited in this manner we must be conscious, when we recollect the names of those Herculean friends and champions of truth, Sir R. Musgrave, Doctors Duigenan, Ledwich, Hales, Elrington, Ryan, the Rev. Mr. Le Mesurier, and a constellation of other academic luminaries of the age. We feel great pleasure in placing Sir R. Musgrave at the head of these enlightened men, because we know that they look with pride and satisfaction to the energies and assistance of this accomplished scholar, whose great and versatile powers of mind have extended their researches into almost every branch of knowledge, but who, in historical information, has few equals, and is certainly surpassed by no man of the present age. His own work, the History of the Irish Rebellion, will be a deathless memorial of his fame—an eternal monument of his great ability, his indefatigable industry, and, above all, of his unwinking love of truth, alike unchecked by the frown of power, and undaunted by the menaces of the guilty.—A work of this original stamp, adamantine texture, and exalted nature, could as little have been served by the ephemeral patronage of a time-serving and papist-courting Viceroy, as it has been injured by its insignificant absence. The sun of power might, by a momentary gleam, have gilded this fortress of truth, but, whether it shone or no, the bulwark remained equally impregnable. Posterity will, perhaps, hardly know, or be only amused to hear, that a Popish Bishop, fresh from the confession-box, and who had been engaged most of his time in prating about musty legends, should come forward, and presumptuously attempt to decry the history of

the Irish Rebellion. That he should do so is, indeed, quite natural, and highly complimentary to the historian, who, from the nature of his work, could not, with any conscience, have made it a bed of roses for, or less thorny to, such men as Dr. M. That a man, however, of a mind like Dr. Milner's, so poisoned with the grossest and darkest errors of Romish superstition and bigotry, can, in the smallest degree, be a judge of history, we utterly deny. He is as incompetent to the task, as a Russian boor is to square the circle. It is much to be regretted, that he was not bred an architect instead of a priest, who is so busy and meddling in his writings. On the subject of Legends, he is indeed harmless, and vastly amusing to the less credulous part of the world; here is his fort and tower of strength—Ne Sutor ultra crepidam.—Let him retire, therefore, to such occupations, —let him lay aside his cumbersome and unwieldy armour, and we would beseech him, in clemency to himself, to return his sword to its scabbard, if he had one; but unfortunately, in one of his late fierce polemic rencontres,

> postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est
> Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
> Dissiluit, fulvâ resplendent fragmina arenâ.
>
> *Virg. Æneidos, Lib.* xii. *l.* 739.

P.

The Author's Defence of "Nubilia."

To the Editor of the Antijacobin Review.

Sir,

Permit me to observe, that you misconceived me when you stated, at p. 185 of your last number, that I have written against the *existence* of nobility. I believe, if you refer to those parts of my volume, which may have excited that opinion in your mind, you will perceive that I strongly insist upon the utility and necessity of the present distinctions of society; but I abhor, as every honest man must abhor, titled delinquency. I love my country, its constitution, and its orders; but I am indignant when I behold birth and wealth employed as a sanction to excesses which private men would blush to commit. Let us not, from a mistaken tenderness, foster the vices that are festering round the core of the nation; let us rather, in the language of Shakspeare, "be cruel, only to be kind."

You accuse me also of "Wolstonecraftism." I wish you had specified the instances; for I would not willingly imitate what I have never yet learned to admire or approve.

I request the insertion of this letter in your next; and remain,

Sir, your obedient seryant,

The Author of "Nubilia."

London, July 11, 1809.

*** With the above just and virtuous sentiments, which are certainly much more explicit than those in the work alluded to, we

perfectly concur, and are pleased to hear them from a writer on whose labours we had bestowed such liberal approbation. We are, however, so conscious of the impartiality and justness of our review of "Nubilia," that, unless the Author particularly wishes it, we do not think it necessary again to return to it.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin.

Character of the French, from different authorities.

AT a time when all continental Europe is smarting under, or struggling against, the open aggression, or the secret art and influence of a restless power, which would never suffer their neighbours peaceably to enjoy their own domestic policy; it may not be irrelevant to produce, from historic records, different testimonies of that nation, all tending to prove, what any observer, possessed of common sense, may discern, that there is no safety with them, but in opposition and defence; and that they do not pretend to embrace, but in order to crush to death the unfortunate victims of their double policy.

To those indecisive palliators, who discover no strong outlines in any thing; who pretend that human nature is the same in all parts of the globe, and that it is illiberal to mark out any nation by peculiar characteristics, it may be replied, that nations are marked by peculiar features as well as individuals are, and distinguished by traits of character as well as by languages, and casts of countenance. That, though there may be many exceptions from, still there are strong outlines. If any one was to assert that the French were thinking, studious, and sincere as a people; that the English were ungenerous, dastardly, illiterate; the Spaniards cringing, cowardly, and indecisive; would not a boy of twelve years old laugh at them? yet there are undoubtedly persons of these different characters in each nation. The French are now, unfortunately for them, governed and led forth by a man who unites in himself all the most detestable qualities of every nation under the sun: and unfortunately also, finds in that country fit instruments for his diabolical machinations.

But let us refer to our characteristic memorandums.

Maria Theresa, in the early part of her reign, in reply to the solicitations of Cardinal Fleury for peace, having experienced the intriguing perfidy of the French, says, "I have acted with too much condescension to the court of France, which has, by promises and money, excited all the princes of Germany to crush me; I can prove, by documents now in my possession, that they endeavoured to excite sedition even in the heart of my dominions; that they attempted to overturn the fundamental laws of the empire, and set fire to the four corners of Germany; and I will transmit these proofs to posterity, as a *warning to the empire.*" After these sentiments, so decidedly expressed in regard to France, it is truly mortifying to see the same Maria Theresa, at a subsequent period, in the eager hope of

being enabled to resent the wrongs she had suffered from the king of Prussia, and recover Silesia, suffer herself to be induced to enter into a secret alliance with France, totally against the advice of all her ministers, and the decided reprobation of the emperor her husband; who, when the proposal for that measure was produced by Kaunitz in the council, rising up with great emotion, vehemently struck the table with his hand, exclaiming, "Such an unnatural alliance is impracticable, and shall never take place;" and instantly quitted the apartment. The empress afterwards with difficulty extorted the reluctant consent of her husband. The Archduke Joseph also ventured to ask her, "if she deemed herself safe in trusting to France, who had so frequently deceived her." Though often repulsed by the empress, he returned with spirit to the charge, and urged her not to separate from England, from whom she and her family had derived such effectual assistance. Though the empress had obtained in this instance the reluctant consent of Francis I. yet he was always averse to the French alliance; and among his papers was found this observation: "The less connection with France the better—the god of the French is convenience, *they have been often tried, and have been always found unfaithful.*"

Count de Hordt, who was one of those Swedish nobles who adhered to Frederic Adolphus in his struggle to throw off the dominion of the senate, and was obliged to fly for his life, says, in his memoirs. "Since the days of my infancy I had witnessed an incessant scene of disasters in Sweden, and the unlimited alliance of France had proved the invariable cause and principle of every calamity. It was through French intrigues and instigations that the *chapeau* faction had constantly laboured to strip the crown of its constitutional rights and privileges, under the plausible pretext of preserving the liberties of the nation from all infringement. I saw at that period the court insulted, and even most unwarrantably attacked, in the persons of the three princes, and the princess, whose right of succeeding Providence alone had established; and daily witnessed most unparalleled persecutions, which many of my friends had to encounter, for having declared in favour of the prince.* From my attachment both to my country, and to my sovereign, and my zeal for their true interests, I was little inclined to favour the projects of France, and march under the banner of the *chapeaux*." The character of the French nation, can scarcely be defined in more clear and explicit terms, than those which were used by Sir Wm. Cecil, the wise counsellor of Elizabeth. "When they make peace," he says "it is only that they may grow in strength, and renew hostilities with greater efficacy. As their natural resources are immense, they soon recover from disaster and defeat; and it is not possible for them to be poor and peaceable for many years."

It was undoubtedly the abhorred influence of French intrigue,

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* See Letters of the Swedish Court, page 84.

that occasioned Paul I. to be murdered in his own bed-room, by his own subjects. One might suppose so striking and lamentable a lesson might be sufficient to deter his successor from pursuing, so inconsistent with his honour and glory, so dangerous a line of conduct.

Mrs. Carter, who travelled upon the continent in company with the famous Mrs Montague, and Lord Bath, thus expresses herself, "you ask why I prefer the German character and manner to the French? because I believe the character more honest, and I find the manner less bustling, and less affected, but equally polite. Indeed, I always consider the French as the most pestilent corrupters of the human heart; and their writings more so than any I ever read; they tend to the subversion of all principle, sap the foundation of all morality, and stifle all right sentiment. You will not imagine me extravagant enough to apply all this to each individual, though I met an English lady at Spa who had resided in France, and she declared to me that she never met with any one person while she was there, who had either principle or sentiment: to her great surprize, she once thought she had discovered a character possessed of both; but, upon further enquiry, the lady proved to be a Canadian."

Doubtless many more instances might be produced by many others to the same purport as these I have cited.

Certainly much pacific communication with these our neighbours can never prove an advantage to us.

Should that nation be so happy, ere long, as to throw the demon that now bestrides them, the severe lesson which they have learnt may possibly teach them to be thankful for a legitimate, and peaceful sovereign, and may restrain, in a degree, that versatile levity, which murdered a Louis, and placed Buonaparte on the blood-stained throne.

I remain, Sir, with all respect,

Your's, ANTIGALLICAN.

To the Editor of the Antijacobin.

Tarif of Popish Indulgences humbly submitted to the Lord Bishop of Norwich.

June 17, 1809.

SIR,—If you think the following sentiments, respecting the danger of giving the Catholics more power in the army, navy, and state, than they now possess, worth a corner in your truly valuable and patriotic Journal, I shall feel happy in, occasionally, becoming a correspondent.—They are *chiefly* the conclusion of an address, intended for circulation at the dissolution of the last Parliament: at that important æra, when a virtuous and beloved Monarch scorned to mock his maker, by violating his Coronation Oath; and by his conduct boldly proclaimed to the world, that he would ever make a distinction between virtue and vice, and not suffer the advocates of idolatry to be admitted into places of the highest power and authority.

It is well known that, in time past, the Roman Catholic religion was the established religion of this kingdom; and that our forefathers

were so fully convinced of the idolatry, superstition, and wickedness of the Church of Rome, that it was judged expedient, for the happiness of the nation, to abolish that religion, by enacting severe penal laws against the teachers and professors of it. The severity of these laws have been considerably mitigated, by the enactment of others, within a few years, in favour of the Catholics. But, it appears that their discontent increases in proportion to the indulgences granted them; not satisfied with equal protection of their rights and property, they vehemently cry out for power. The danger of granting which, will most clearly appear from an attentive consideration of the principles of their religion.

The Papists, particularly the lower orders, think themselves bound to confess their sins and offences to their priests, who pretend to have divine authority to absolve them from their sins, provided they pay certain sums, and submit to some punishments, which they enjoin, by way of penance. Money in time past procured absolutions and indulgences to a most infamous degree; and who can say that it would have no influence at the present moment?

The following account of the prices of indulgences, in the fifteenth and sixteenth century, is taken from Guthrie's Geography, and is an extract from an old book, printed by *authority of the then Pope.* The translation of this book into English, was, under the title of *Rome, a great custom-house for sin.*

ABSOLUTIONS.	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
For him that stole holy or consecrated things out of a holy place	0	10	6
For him who lies with a woman in the church	0	9	0
For a layman for *murdering* a layman	0	7	6
For him that killeth his father, mother, wife, or sister	0	10	6
For laying violent hands on a *clergyman,* so it be without effusion of blood	0	10	6
For a Priest that keeps a concubine; as also his dispensation for being irregular	0	10	6
For him that lyeth with his own *mother, sister,* or *godmother*	0	7	6
For him that *burns* his neighbour's house	0	12	0
For him that forgeth the Pope's hand	1	7	0
For him that forgeth letters apostolical	1	7	0
For him that taketh two holy orders in one day	2	6	0
For a King for going to the holy sepulchre without licence	7	10	0
DISPENSATIONS.			
For a bastard to enter all holy orders	0	10	0
For a man or woman that is found hanged, that they may have Christian burial	1	7	6
LICENCES.			
For a layman to change his vow of going to Rome to visit the Apostolic Churches	0	18	0
To eat flesh and white meat in Lent and other fasting days	0	10	6

That a King or Queen shall enjoy such indulgences as if they went to Rome	15	0	0
For a Queen to adopt a child	300	0	0
To marry in times prohibited	2	5	0
To eat flesh in times prohibited	1	4	0
Not to be tied to fasting days	1	4	0
For a town to take out of a church them (murderers) that have taken sanctury therein	4	10	0

FACULTIES.

To absolve all delinquents	3	0	0
To dispense with irregularities	3	0	0

The book, from which the above extract was made, must have exhibited a most curious specimen of the horrid depravity of Popery.*

All atrocious crimes, committed in this happy country, are punished with death and transportation: our laws and constitution are so excellent, that the murderer is almost always detected and punished, howsoever secretly he perpetrates the horrid deed. This, I understand, is not the case in all countries: too many instances occur of assassins being afforded protection in the Catholic Churches abroad!!!

What a detestable religion must that be, which will appease the conscience of an assassin for money! It may be said that the Catholics of this United Kingdom hold such absolutions in utter abhorrence. We will hope they do.—Still, however, they do not deny the validity of absolution for the less heinous sins and offences.

The Catholic Priests also exercise discretionary power of excommunicating those who offend them; in proof of which it was affirmed, in the House of Lords, in May, 1805, by a noble Lord, who had been resident in Ireland, that he knew a gentleman who was prohibited joining a Protestant family in prayer, under the pain of excommunication; and that the Catholic servants of a family in his neighbourhood were obliged to quit their master, for having joined him and his family in prayer. The Bishop assigned no other reason than that the prayers were read by an heretic. I remember also to have seen an account, in the public papers, some few years ago, of a Catholic Priest having excommunicated a person for refusing him a contribution beyond what he was *able* to give. These facts plainly prove, that a discretionary power of excommunication is vested in the Priests.

Again, the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, is acknowledged by all to

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* The writer of this letter would be obliged to the Editor of the Antijacobin, or some of his enlightened correspondents, for a judicious list of books most proper to be read on the corruption and atrocities of the Church of Rome; and particularly of those books which are become scarce.—He is of opinion that it would be of great public advantage, if some of the old books, printed and circulated at the time of the reformation, were re-printed, upon a cheap plan, so as to obtain general circulation at the present momentous period.

be the successor of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ. By some, he, a mortal man, of limited understanding, is believed to be *infallible!*—To be possessed of an attribute, which belongs to the Deity alone!!! To give unto the creature the honour which is only due to the Creator, is most blasphemous, and abominably wicked. The infallibility of the Pope is so absurd a doctrine, that I cannot conceive any man of an enlightened mind, in any age, ever *believed* him so. Such a doctrine must have been inculcated for the sole purpose of increasing the power and influence of the Pope and his Clergy, by compelling the lower ranks of people to pay an implicit obedience to their commands, and to act in blind submission to their doctrines.

Wherever the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility prevails, his influence on the conduct and faith of such must be irresistible;—whatever doctrine he taught would be believed,—whatever commands he issued would be obeyed. Now, as long as the Pope resides in Italy, or any country subject to Buonaparte, he will be obliged to promote his ambitious views by his influence, otherwise Buonaparte will not suffer him to retain his authority of Pope. We cannot doubt that the man who pays no regard to the most sacred treaties, who destroys thousands of his fellow creatures every year, who dethrones his allies, whose blood and treasure have been at his command; we cannot doubt that a man, whose life is stained by the commission of every odious crime, would hesitate to dethrone, or to murder, the Pope, if he did not act in obedience to his commands; and in what way can the Pope act so as to satisfy the destroyer, but by fanning the embers of sedition, and igniting the flames of insurrection and rebellion, in our beloved Sovereign's dominions?

Now let us consider the *power* of the Catholic Clergy to do mischief, if they were *disposed* to attempt the subversion of the Protestant Church. When the ignorant are taught to believe that it is their duty to confess their sins, at stated intervals, to the Priests, and to submit to whatever penance they enjoin; when they are impressed with a firm belief that when they have received the Priest's absolution, they become acquitted of all their sins and offences in the sight of God; and when they are accustomed to tremble at excommunication, as a most dreadful punishment, how easy a task would it be for the Priests, by promises and threats, to excite a spirit of disaffection, and an active rebellion against Church and State! Moreover, if the Catholics were permitted to attain the highest rank and command in the army and navy, there would be a probability that some, in those situations, would imbibe the spirit of a disaffected Priesthood, and be disaffected at a time when they were invested with full command of a considerable Catholic force, in which event they would become truly formidable to the Protestant interest. If the *power* of the Priests may become so formidable, it is a matter of the highest importance, that we consider their *disposition* to befriend or injure the Protestants.

When we read in the papers such public declarations made in Par-

liament, from men of acknowledged worth, as the following:— "That Catholic servants are forbidden, by their clergy, joining their Protestant masters in family prayer, under pain of excommunication." "That the clergy, there was too much reason to apprehend, had never relinquished the hope of becoming the hierarchy of the country; that it is known, from high authority, that there exists consistorial courts in every diocese in Ireland; and that there has been a person residing at Rome, charged to watch over the interests of the Irish Catholic Church; nay, more, that there is not a dignity in the Established Church, which has not its counterpart in the Catholic Church." One gentleman affirmed, "that he never met with a jacobin, or blasphemer, who was not a steady friend to the Catholics.—Three weeks before the rebellion in Ireland, great numbers took the oath of allegiance; and the moment the rebellion broke out, they murdered all the Protestants they met with. Heretic and Englishman are said to be synonimous terms in Ireland." When we hear such an account of the Catholics from men of observation, and of exalted character and stations in life, we are, I think, perfectly justified in indulging unfavourable suspicions of the Catholic Clergy. No rational man can ever hope that they will be favourable to the Protestants, when they consider a Catholic polluted by joining a Protestant family in prayer.—Whatever rancour and hatred exists among the Catholics, it must be attributed to their Clergy, because, were they to preach union and brotherly love to their congregations, the powerful engines of auricular confession and excommunication would soon effect it. But who can doubt that the contrary is the case, when he reads the official correspondence between Mr. Canning and the French minister, *Champagny*, last year. The latter explicitly declares, that "France has been in communication with the Irish Catholics, has made them promises, and has frequently sent them succours."

This speaks more than volumes; it plainly shews to every man, who is not determined to shut his eyes, that to grant power to the Catholics would be, in effect, to open the gates of our citadel to an inveterate enemy, and to deliver up into his hands our own arms to destroy us.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A FRIEND TO OLD ENGLAND.

N. B. For a satisfactory answer to the enquiry of this *old-fashioned* Correspondent, who seems to entertain some of the *obsolete* prejudices of the revolution of the last century but one, we beg leave to refer him to the present Bishop of Norwich, or to the late Chancellor of Ireland, whose *minds*, if not their *libraries*, are amply stored with information on the important subject of the Popish controversy.—And we hope that one of these illustrious personages, whose orthodox principles, extensive information, and profound learning, are equally respectable, and respected, will convey his answer through the medium of this Work to which their attachment is so notorious.

EDITOR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. James Norris Brewer has just commenced an interesting work of "Descriptions, Historical and Architectural, of splendid palaces and public buildings, English and foreign, with biographical notices of their founders, or builders, and other eminent persons."—The work will be handsomely printed in quarto, and the first number contain excellent engravings, by Porter and Storer, of Somerset House and Linlithgow Palace. It is intended that six numbers shall form a volume, and complete the work, unless the public encouragement should induce a continuation, comprehending every public building or palace worthy of notice, and consonant with the plan of the work. As the plates for the first volume are actually finished, and proofs at the publishers, the disappointment frequently experienced by subscribers to periodical works, from an unexpected cessation, or from an inferiority of the execution of the following numbers, cannot occur in this instance. After the completion of the volume, the price is to be raised to non-subscribers.

The Rev. H. J. Knapp will shortly publish an abridgment of Universal History, adapted to the use of Families and Schools, divided into portions calculated for each day's learning; to which will be annexed appropriate questions for the instructor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the whole of *Incognito's* reasoning we most cheerfully subscribe, as the evident effusion of a liberal, enlightened, and virtuous mind, which never suspects the existence of any thing worse than itself. The premises, however, we fear are neither founded in fact nor in truth. Experience has too fully proved, that all those who *write* in favour of religion and virtue, do not necessarily *practice* either. This, after an investigation, stimulated by *Incognito*, we know to be the case with the character alluded to, which is as deficient in real practical virtue in the even, as of purity in the morn, of life. Justice, therefore, and the "strong antipathy of good to bad," are not to be construed persecution. We refer *Incognito* to a fact stated in an article of the present Number, which will be continued, for practical reasons against a certain species of reformed teachers of morality and religion.

We are much obliged to "*A Constant Reader*," for the very reprehensible extracts which he has furnished, as well as for directing our attention to a work certainly deserving notice; but we feel some reluctance in taking this duty out of the hands of a person apparently so well qualified to fulfil it, and must request him to pursue this useful task with the same zeal.

Juvenis, and several other communications, are received, and shall appear in course. We respect Mr. P.'s prudence; but if reason and justice prevailed, *truth* should be the only consideration of a writer.